The Enterprise.

VOL. 9. SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, SAN MATEO COUNTY, CAL., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1903. NO. 8.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

NORTH.

6:02 A. M. Daily.
7:26 A. M. Daily, except Sunday.
12:39 P. M. Daily
5:03 P. M. Daily.
5:54 P. M. Daily.
9:12 P. M. Daily.

SOUTH.

6:45 A. M. Daily.
7:33 A. M. Daily.
12:03 P. M. Daily.
4:05 P. M. Daily.
7:03 P. M. Daily.
12:01 A. M. Daily. (Theatre train.)

S. F. and S. M. Electric R. R.

The headway of the San Mateo cars between the Cemeteries and Thirtieth St. and San Jose Ave. is twelve minutes, with the exception of Sundays and holidays, when the headway is arranged to suit the travel.

POST OFFICE.

Postoffice open from 7 a. m. to 7 p. m. Sundays, 8:00 to 9:00 a. m. Money order office open 7 a. m. to 6:30 p. m.

MAILS ARRIVE.

	A. M.	P. M
From the North	6:45	12:03
" "	——	4:05
" South	——	12:39
" South	——	5:54

MAIL CLOSES.

	A. M.	P. M.
North	6:40	12:09
"	——	5:24
South	6:15	——

E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

CHURCH NOTICES.

Episcopal services will be held every Sunday in Grace Church. Morning service at 11 o'clock a. m. Evening service at 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. See local column.

Methodist Church. Meetings, Butchers' Hall. Sunday Services—Sunday School, 3 p. m.; Epworth League of Christian Endeavor, 6:30 p. m.; Preaching 7:30 p. m.

The pastor, Rev. W. de L. Kingsbury will be in town Tuesdays and Thursdays from 1:30 to 5 p. m. Any who may know of sick or distressed neighbors, will please leave word at the residences of Mr. Coombes, Mrs. Du Bois or Mrs. Sullivan.

MEETING NOTICE.

Progress Camp, No. 425, Woodmen of the World, meets every Wednesday evening at Journeymen Butchers' Hall

Lodge San Mateo No. 7, Journeymen Butchers' Protective and Benevolent Association, will meet every Tuesday at 8 p. m., at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

JUDGE SUPERIOR COURT
Hon. G. H. Buck.....Redwood City
TREASURER
P. F. Chamberlain.....Redwood City
TAX COLLECTOR
F. M. Granger.....Redwood City
DISTRICT ATTORNEY
J. J. Bullock.....Redwood City
ASSESSOR
O. D. Hayward.....Redwood City
COUNTY CLERK
H. W. Schaberg.....Redwood City
COUNTY RECORDER
John F. Johnston.....Redwood City
SHERIFF
J. H. Mansfield.....Redwood City
AUDITOR
Geo. Barker.....Redwood City
SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS
Miss Etta M. Tilton.....Redwood City
CORONER AND PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR
Jas. Crowe.....Redwood City
SURVEYOR
W. R. Gilbert.....Redwood City

Shot While Hunting.

Denver.—Paul Richter, president of the Richter Iron Works Company of this city, has been accidentally shot and killed by a companion on a hunting trip east of this city.

Cyrus Noble

The World famous American whiskey.

A perfect distillation of the best grain.

Aged in wood.

Of a soft mellow flavor.

Absolutely pure.

EVENTS OF THE WORLD EPITOMIZED

Important and Interesting Haps and Mishaps of the Week Briefly Told.

LATEST TELEGRAPHIC DISPATCHES

Short, Crisp, Pithy Paragraphs That Give the Cream of the Week's News In a Form Appreciated By All Busy Readers.

Signor Mascagni has finished his new opera, "Vestila."

Russia is preparing for a threatened revolt in the Caucasus.

The new Spanish Cabinet is preparing a law compelling men to vote.

William J. Bryan was received by President Loubet at Paris last week.

F. Backle of Los Banos, Cal., was killed by a train at Beowawe, Nev., last week.

Governor Carter of Hawaii has asked Congress to raise his salary from $5000 to $7500.

Emperor William will leave December 20th for a yachting trip in the Mediterranean.

Bishop James Addison Ingle, of the Protestant Episcopal church, is dead at Hankow, China.

J. O. Lively of Napa, Cal., committed suicide at Maroa, Ill., by swallowing embalming fluid.

A receiver has been appointed for the International Rubber Manufacturing Company of Jersey City, N. J.

Columbus Ellsworth Upton and Thomas McGregor have been found guilty of postal frauds at Baltimore.

George S. King, founder of the Cambria Iron Works, is dead at Johnstown, Pa., in his ninety-fifth year.

It is reported in reliable quarters that Chile intends to annex the provinces of Tacna and Arica by an act of Congress.

Mrs. John W. Mackay was received by President Roosevelt at the White House last week on her first visit to Washington.

Turks and Albanians in Monastir have declared they will not submit to the Austro-Russian measures for reform in Macedonia.

Mrs. Cornelia Livingston, in years past a notable figure in New York society, died last week after a long illness, aged sixty-five.

Frau Fischer, a lion-tamer, was torn to pieces by her lions during an exhibition at Dessau, Germany, while her children looked on.

The November report of the British Board of Trade shows an increase of $18,027,500 in imports and a decrease of $8,052,000 in exports.

Minister of the Interior von Plehwe of Russia will submit a new scheme for the peasant reforms ordered in the Czar's recent manifesto.

The Russian troops have defeated a band of Chinese robbers on the Liau river, Manchuria, killing 200 of them and wounding a similar number.

Representative Gillett of Massachusetts introduced a bill to "protect anti-gambling laws from nullification by interstate gambling by telegraph."

Rev. Henry Clay Trumbull, editor of the Sunday-school Times of Philadelphia, and known throughout the world as an author, is dead at the age of 73.

The engagement of Signor Scotti, the celebrated baritone of the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, and Miss Mary Britton Leavy, has been broken.

The Greek steamers Pyloros and Assos collided at Ithaca, Greece, last week. The Pyloros was partly submerged and fifty of her passengers were drowned.

Max Karnfield, a fire adjuster in New York, has confessed to fraud in connection with claims against insurance companies, and involves several merchants and lawyers.

Sir William Van Horne, the Canadian railroad magnate, will complete the Guatemala Northern Railroad, giving through connection from the eastern to the western coast.

James K. Jones, chairman of the Democratic National Committee, has issued a call for the committee to meet at the Shoreham Hotel in Washington, D. C., January 12th, for the purpose of deciding upon the time and place of holding the Democratic National Convention.

Private Thomas Burton of Company E, Second Infantry, U. S. A., who was in citizen's clothes and is said to have been attempting to desert, was shot and dangerously wounded at Cheyenne, Wyo., by Private George Hood. Hood was a warm personal friend of the man he shot.

The Italian cruiser Lombardi, the gunboat Volturo and the dispatch vessel Galilee have arrived at Aden, Arabia. They will soon be joined there by the cruiser Cristoforo Colombo, the flagship, and will proceed to Durbo to inflict punishment on the Somaliland tribe, which on Sunday last killed Lieutenant-Commander Grabau.

Dr. and Mrs. Curie of Paris announce recent further discoveries in connection with the production of radium. It is reported in the Sorbonne that the two experts have found a process of extraction which will materially cheapen the precious metal and bring it within reach of the general medical world.

Doctors in New York are much interested in the case of a baby girl six weeks old which has been asleep for two weeks. The child apparently is perfectly healthy, takes food naturally and continues to develop, but has not opened its eyes nor made a sound in a fortnight. The coma followed a high fever which was broken by the doctors and has not reappeared.

The Senate has agreed to a resolution offered by Perkins, directing the Secretary of Commerce and Labor to transmit a report of vessels lost on the American coasts during the last year by reason of overloading. It is Perkins' intention to introduce a bill similar to the law in force in England providing for a "Plimsoil line," preventing the overloading of vessels.

The rush of foreigners to their native lands continues unabated. New York outgoing steamers, particularly those to Italy, are crowded with steerage passengers. Last week's figures show that 13,600 sailed, while only 12,000 arrived, and this week's total undoubtedly will be still greater as to departure. Steamship agents believe, however, the rush will be over with the departure of the last ships due on the other side on Christmas. Foreign bankers estimate that the returning steerage passengers take with them an average of $200.

DUN'S REVIEW OF BUSINESS CONDITIONS

Cotton Developments Are Not Encouraging, But Iron and Steel Are Active.

New York.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s Review of Trade says: Developments are not encouraging as to cotton spinning, but there is evidence of better conditions in the iron and steel industry, while retail trade feels the usual impetus as the holidays approach. Idleness among New England lumber mills is offset by increased activity in the South. Owing to pressure of grain there is still delay in handling freight promptly at a few Western points, but as a rule the traffic facilities are adequate and railway earnings for November show an average gain of 4 per cent over last year. Failures this week number 331 in the United States, against 269 last year, and 20 in Canada, compared with 30 a year ago.

Killed While Driving.

Pomona. — While returning from Buena Park with a load of household goods, Charles McManus, aged 60, was run over and killed by a train on the Salt Lake road. McManus was half way across the track in the face of the on-coming train when his horse balked. The train demolished the wagon, knocking the unfortunate man out and breaking his neck. McManus was at one time a Klondike miner but had lately come here from Toluca to make his home. He leaves a widow and three children.

Twelve Million in Currency Burned.

St. Petersburg.—The sum of $12,500,000 in paper money was burned by the State Bank. This amount was issued in notes during the month of August to meet anticipated trade demands, but since the end of the grain season the money is no longer needed.

To Face a Thousand Charges.

Berlin.—A thousand specifications of cruelty are laid against Lieutenant Schilling of the Ninety-eighth Regiment of Infantry, whose trial is now on at Metz.

ALASKA NEEDS PIONEERS AND HOME-BUILDERS

Report of the Governor of Territory Contains Interesting Fact About Region.

THE POPULATION IS MIGRATORY.

Change of Government at This Time Liable to Cause Expense and Ultimate Disaster—Population Is Slowly Decreasing.

Washington.—Governor Brady of Alaska, in his annual report to the Secretary of the Interior, urges provisions for Alaska's representation by a delegate in Congress, and says that Alaska's main need is for pioneers and home builders. He urges the abolishment of the fee system for United States Commissioners and Deputy Marshals and extension of the homestead laws. He says Congress can do better things for Alaska now than to encourage the construction of roads.

Governor Brady says that those who have traveled throughout the Territory this year are certain that Alaska today has a less white population than it had in 1900, and that it is migratory. In view of these facts the Governor deprecates the agitation for a change of government of Alaska from district to territorial, though aspiring to Statehood when Alaska fills with a desirable population. He asks what reason there is for requesting Congress to organize an expensive system of government that will plunge the Alaskans into debt and all manner of excesses, involving taxation to its utmost limit.

INFORMER PAYS WITH HIS LIFE.

Italian Who Turned State's Evidence Is Killed Near His Home.

New York.—An arrest has been made by the Brooklyn police in connection with an Italian murder which occurred early Sunday under the shadows of the Brooklyn bridge. Salvator Speciale was the victim, and he is believed to have paid with his life for turning State's evidence in the trial of four counterfeiters a few weeks ago. He had in his pocket a ticket for Italy, but was lured to his death by a woman as he was about to flee from the country.

Speciale was seen talking to a strange woman under the bridge not far from his home, when a man approached, fired two shots and fled. The wounded man replied with a shot, and with his revolver in hand tried to follow, but soon fell dead. The woman fled with the murderer, and they were seen to board a ferryboat just as it was starting for New York. A few hours later an Italian was arrested with a pistol wound in one arm. He was identified as the only one of the four counterfeiters against whom Speciale had testified who had escaped a prison sentence.

MEMPHIS SCENE OF A TRAGEDY.

Merchant Is Shot Down by Policeman, Who Commits Suicide.

Memphis, Tenn.—John C. King, a policeman, is dead by his own hand and H. J. Kressenburg, a well-known merchant and member of the City Democratic Committee, is fatally wounded as a result of a sensational double tragedy enacted here. Shortly before midnight Kressenburg, accompanied by his wife, left his store in the business district and a moment later he was shot twice by a man wearing a handkerchief over his face as a mask. Kressenburg fell to the sidewalk but shot his fleeing assailant in the leg.

After running two blocks the latter fell exhausted, and, turning his revolver on himself, fired a bullet into his brain. It was then discovered that the masked man was John C. King, a member of the local police force. No cause is known for King's attack on Kressenburg.

Coolie Riot in China.

Hongkong.—During a coolie riot on the railroad between Canton and Fatshan the workshops were destroyed, the material looted and several Chinese killed. Soldiers from Canton restored order.

TRADE IN MANILA VERY SLOW.

Successive Disasters Have Been Means of Ruining Many Americans.

Tacoma, Wash.—Bubonic plague, cholera, smallpox and grasshoppers form a hard combination against which the people of the Philippine islands had to contend with for months, according to W. D. Potter, who does a coast and general merchandise trade at Manila and who arrived here on the steamship Shawmut, on the way to Fresno to spend Christmas with his mother.

Potter says the things named have had a disastrous effect on Philippine business. As a result many Americans who went there with money and a determination to succeed will return home crushed in spirits, broken in health and ruined in pocket. When he left Manila a month ago business had just commenced to recover from the tremendous blow received early in the season and the indications were that there would be a general recovery.

Disease and poor crops have, nevertheless, left their imprint on the islands, making it imperative on the part of the more prosperous people to care for the poor and destitute. Millions have been subscribed for their benefit and the Government has furnished the natives seed rice for planting. In Potter's opinion every cent thus raised was required to take care of the natives, especially the women and children.

Cave Gives Forth Weird Sounds.

San Bernardino. — Surveyor John Caldwell and Frank Stone of Los Angeles, who have been in the San Bernardino mountains during the last two weeks, running lines for the Edison Power Company returned to town with the report of a discovery of a weird and strange cave. For three days they explored its depths. They were attracted to the spot by the continual yells as of a coyote, interspersed with the mournful cry of an owl. Coming to the opening, which on the surface is large enough to admit a horse and goes vertically down into the bowels of the earth, they stood for some time listening to the weird sounds which emanated from its depths.

A lantern was lowered to a depth of forty-five feet, where it rested on a solid rock bottom. Their search for the source of the strange noises was not very successful, but they believe the sounds were made by a current of air which continually whirls into the pit. At night the air currents are very strong in the center of the cave. Then the mysterious yell can be heard for miles.

WILL CUT WAGES WITH NEW YEAR

Steel Trust to Reduce the Pay of Ninety Per Cent of Its Employes.

New York.—The statement has been made by a leading official of the United States Steel Corporation that, beginning on January 1, 1904, about 90 per cent of the employes of the corporation will suffer wage reductions ranging from 5 to 20 per cent. This reduction will affect about 150,000 workmen in the various grades of the subsidiary companies. The remaining 10 per cent of employes are members of the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel and Tin Workers, whose wage schedule runs to July 1, 1094.

The finance committee of the steel corporation has, it is understood, under consideration the dismissal of many high salaried employes, in addition to those already discharged.

It was asserted that, barring some unforeseen technicalties, employes of the corporation who participated in the profit-sharing plan will, in the coming month, receive a $5 dividend on the preferred stock to which they subscribed at $82.50.

Sharon, Pa. — Five hundred employes of the blast furnaces in the Shenango valley will receive a straight cut of wages January 1st of 10 per cent.

Six Drowned in Wreck.

St. John's, N. F.—During a fierce gale the schooner Sailor's Home was driven ashore at St. Mary's Bay and the crew of six persons perished. The schooner is now a derelict and was seen drifting about in the ocean.

French Exports Decline.

Paris.—The imports of France for the last eleven months increased $51,303,200, and the exports decreased $6,524,200.

POOR SUFFER FROM SEVERE COLD WEATHER

Drop in Temperature in Chicago Causes Much Distress in Tenement Districts.

THOUSANDS RECEIVE AID FROM CITY

Large Supplies of Produce Are Frozen and Higher Prices Will Result—Hospitals Are Crowded With the Sick.

Chicago.—Destitution and suffering, with their evidences of hunger, sickness and misery, have followed upon the heels of the cold weather—the coldest for December since 1876—and every charitable institution in Chicago, public and private, has been called upon to relieve distress. Five persons died Tuesday and sufferers are numbered by thousands.

South Water street dealers report that many carloads of farm products were frozen on the tracks, and that a shortage in the supply is likely to result, with a consequent increase in prices. Trains are still being delayed, and traffic everywhere is impeded. The police stations throughout the city cared for many homeless persons and the municipal lodging-house on Union street, near West Lake street, was filled. Scores of homeless persons were sent there by the police and given shelter.

Long lines of hungry women, shivering in threadbare shawls, and some of them nursing babies, half-clad children with pale faces, carrying baskets, and stoop-shouldered men, nervously rubbing unshaven chins, stood before the windows in the big dingy rooms of the county agent and told, in endless variety, their stories of sickness and destitution brought on by the frigid weather. Pleas for food, fuel and medical attention came from all parts of the city. Pitiable stories were told of whole families going without food or warmth all day Sunday. Assistant Agent Pasdeloup said 1000 were aided.

Long before the opening of the county agent's office the waiting room was filled with destitute. To each applicant was given one month's rations, consisting of flour, beans, rice, green peas, coffee, tea, soap and an order for coal. In cases where there were several sick or many small children double rations were issued. For the sick oatmeal was issued, and old soldiers were given, in addition to ordinary rations, lard and ham.

Fatal wrecks, men falling frozen in the streets, workmen dropping at their work and on the slippery walks have increased the numbers in the hospitals and morgues. In many cases where victims of frigid temperature have escaped death, amputations will be necessary.

Two Workmen Drowned.

Sacramento. — John Gebhardt, watchman, and John Spiroto, deckhand of the river steamer Red Bluff, were drowned here. The men while working at the anchor on the bow of the barge Dakota, slipped off the bow into the water and were drawn under the barge. The bodies have not been found. Gebhardt has a borther an inspector of police in Chicago.

American Pastor in Rome.

New York.—Frederick D. Wright, for many years engaged in missionary work in Italy, has been appointed pastor of the American Church in Rome.

The People's Store

GRAND AVE., near Postoffice,

South San Francisco, Cal.

This is the Only Store in San Mateo County that SELLS

Dry Goods and Fancy Goods;
Boots and Shoes;
Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods
Crockery and Agate Ware;
Hats and Caps,

AT SAN FRANCISCO PRICES

Give Us a Call and be Convinced.

THE ENTERPRISE

E. E. CUNNINGHAM,
Editor and Proprietor.

The Alaskan boundary contest was as easy as a yacht race.

It looks as if the only thing left for South Carolina editors to do is to shoot first.

The fellow who makes a maiden speech is not necessarily a woman suffragist.

Schwab would like to know what's the use organizing shipbuilding trusts if there are to be no net results.

Canada shows every symptom of having escaped from her dilemma by sliding down an unplaned plank.

King Edward is not the only royal mixer. The Russian czar and the Italian king are reaching out for his laurels.

Many a man will return a borrowed umbrella promptly who could not be trusted to carry $500 of some one else's money a block.

Our own David B. Hill has studied Mr. Platt's case and thinks he knows of one New York statesman to whom such things can never happen.

It is characteristic of Russian methods that the discredited Governor of Kieff has been allowed to retire through ill health—to a higher office.

A correspondent complains that the newspapers contain too much about grafting and are making him tired. The grafters feel the same way about it.

The Boston Globe says that the Angora goat is more valuable than the Angora cat. And besides that, you know where to find the goat after 8 p. m.

A California man was treed for three hours the other day by a wild boar. Many a city man has a longer session in his office with the domestic variety.

Higher education is getting harder every day. If a student falls behind in his studies he cannot play football and if he fails at football he might as well go home.

It looks as if the plain, old-fashioned law against obtaining money under false pretenses ought to operate against promoters of some of the recent deals in "high finance."

The magazines that have been zealously searching for the "secret of success" will observe that it consists in getting the other fellow's money without giving him an equivalent.

If a horse can trot a mile in 1:59¼ when hitched to a four-wheeled vehicle, though he can't do better than 2:00 minutes when pulling a sulky, what might he do if they would hitch him to a six-wheeled wagon?

The dead-letter office has its share in the increased business of this period of prosperity. From the letters which were opened during the last year nearly fifty thousand dollars rolled out, besides valuable commercial paper and two hundred thousand photographs. So far as possible everything was returned to its owner.

Shakespeare's "Hamlet" was first published in 1603, the year of the accession of James I. to the English throne. As the queen was a Dane, a play with a Dane for a hero was sure to be popular. Three hundred years later, a Danish queen again being on the throne, the Danish admirers of Shakespeare are planning to unveil a statue of the playwright in Elsinore. This will not be the first statue of the world poet to be erected outside of England. His effigy adorns cities in France, Germany and the United States, and may be found in many of the British colonies.

One of the most demoralizing practices among wage earners is that of "selling time," otherwise securing loans at extortionate rates of interest and giving mortgages on wages for security. It is regrettable to note that the practice is growing. The best indication of its growth is the increase in the number of concerns that fatten off the improvident, short-sighted people who discount their earnings. Some of these loan agencies are worse than veritable Shylocks. They practically make slaves of their victims. When a man or woman of small income gets into their clutches there is scarcely a means of escape.

In reformatories and prisons it is better to trice up a stubborn prisoner who is setting a bad example to the rest and lay the paddle over him than to commit him to the dark cell to brood over his alleged indignities. There are some natures so dull and hard that physical pain alone will affect them. And other natures are so arrogant that if they are not confronted with these painful possibilities they become dangerous to discipline. The petty criminal, the hoodlum, the truant, the wayward child, the selfish and inconsiderate member of the family, the impudent, noisy, lazy scholar, would not be among our problems if we were allowed to revive the good old fashion of spanking.

"We are living beyond our means, so we stole to make up the deficiency. It was either that or give up social and club associations that were dear to us." James H. Preston and Peter D. Hax of Chicago were locked up on the charges of larceny, embezzlement and conspiracy. The two young men, neither of them over 22 years of age, were bookkeepers, and by shrewd conspiracy have stolen considerable money from their employers. They were ambitious to shine socially, and rather than give up society committed a crime. Having gotten into the charmed circle, they were not brave enough to break out. "We were living beyond our means." That was all. The boys had no vicious personal habits. They did not gamble or speculate. They went a social pace that was too rapid for their gait. And it ruined them. Here's a lesson, young man. It's an old one. You have heard it often. But it is well worth your attention. To live beyond your means is to court certain failure. It may not lead you to crime, but it will certainly lead you to slavery—the slavery of debt. Live within your income. Do not step over the line which separates independence from bondage. That way lies danger. If you can earn one dollar a day, spend no more. Or, still better, spend only 90 cents. Have the courage to wear an old coat if necessary. Some day you may be able to wear a better one. Let clubs and society organizations worry along without you until you can afford to join them. Hold up your chin and—Live within your income.

During a month of the summer "silly season," when news is hard to find, the London Daily Mail devoted much space to complaining letters from mothers and to defensive replies from daughters. They touched upon a problem as old as the world, yet perpetually fresh. The mothers said that the girls of to-day prefer outdoor sports to home duties; claim too much freedom of action; are contemptuous of parents' opinions; use slang; dress in tomboyish fashion, and give themselves up to their own selfish occupations and whims. To this the daughters replied that they exercise for health as well as for pleasure; that parents are not so progressive as they ought to be, and that allowance must be made for the increased independence and self-reliance that comes from improved education. As between such disputants, there is not much chance for partizanship. Both are right. Both are wrong. The girl of the twentieth century has her shortcomings; but so, it has been intimated, had her mother before her. The one thing needful to end such controversies between mother and daughter is that both recognize that times change. On each side of the house there must be consideration for the other's point of view. Although outdoor sports were less fashionable thirty years ago than they are now, the mothers must not think it reprehensible that the girls are expert in them. For their part, the girls should be willing to admit that to order a household aright is still a valuable accomplishment, to gain which one may well take some time from athletics. It is the privilege of youth to yield the more. It should be the pleasure of age to perceive that the faults of youth are mainly superficial, to be cast aside as our girls in their turn become wives and mothers.

The Game He Played.

John D. Archbold, of the Standard Oil Company, and President of the Knollwood Country Club, is a devoted golfer, and up in all the parlance of the game. Meeting an old acquaintance whom he knew to have recently purchased a place in the vicinity and turned gentleman farmer, he asked him how he liked living in the country.

"I am delighted with the change," he replied, "to be out exercising in the open air every day is a revelation to me. I never before really knew what enjoyment life possessed. I put in 18 holes yesterday, and felt no fatigue whatever."

Knowing that his friend was not a member of Knollwood, he asked him where he played.

"Play what?"

"Golf."

"I never played golf."

"I understand you to say that you put in 18 holes yesterday," said Archbold.

"So I did; but they are postholes. I am going to run a division fence across my pasture lot."

Antlers Span Over Five Feet.

One of the most striking objects in the exhibit of the Canadian Pacific railway at the dominion exposition at Toronto is a gigantic moose head that was shot by Fred Southam, of Montreal, in the Kippewa district, to the eastward of Lake Temiskaming. The span of the antlers is 62½ inches and the head would have gone 63 were it not that a small fragment has been chipped off one horn in combat. Only a few years ago sportsmen doubted the existence of even a 60-inch head, but for some unexplained reason moose heads in northern Quebec and in the lower provinces appear to be larger now than was the case a generation or two ago.

Not Up to His Business.

"Phat's the matter wid ye?" asked Casey of McGookin.

"'Tis a bad nose-bleed Oi hov," replied McGookin, the plumber, "an' Oi can't stop it."

"Huh! 'tis not much av a plumber ye are if ye can't stop a leak in yer own face."—Philadelphia Press.

Miss Elderly—You musn't believe all you hear.

Mr. Malaprop—I don't! Nor half I say.—Town Topics.

The dollar you have to pay back is twice as big as the one you borrow.

DESERTED BY HIS DOG.

John Palliser, the hero of many an adventure, both in the old world and the new, confesses that the temporary desertion of the dog which was his sole companion on a journey along the shores of the upper Mississippi was one of his most trying experiences. The dog dragged a little sledge loaded with all the provisions and spare clothing. "He slept beside me at night and kept me from freezing," says his master, "and when I sat by the fire and smoked my pipe he would crowd beside me, for companionship and sympathy.

"Ismah's relationship to the wolf was often inconvenient to me, as he used to run off and play with the young wolves. One day, after a long march, while looking out for a camping place, a wolf crossed the ice, and in spite of coaxing and threats Ismah set off to join her, dragging his sledge behind him loaded with everything I possessed in the world.

"I followed, shouting, until darkness obliged me to abandon the pursuit, and I found myself alone on a vast waste of snow, a hundred miles from any human habitation, without warm covering for the night, with very little powder in my horn, and only two bullets in my pouch.

"By the light of the moon I collected fallen wood, lighted a fire, and sat down to consider what to do next if Ismah did not return. The cold north wind froze the perspiration—which, in the hot pursuit, had run down my face—and formed icicles on my beard. I thought and thought, despairingly, and dismissed one project after another. I took out my pipe to console myself with a smoke; alas; on feeling for tobacco, that was gone, too. The outlook was of the blackest.

"How long I sat thus I know not, when suddenly I heard a rustle. It approached nearer and nearer, and I recognized the scraping of Ismah's sledge on the snow; another moment, and the panting rascal was at my side. Nothing of the load was missing or injured.

"I laughed aloud from sheer joy at the cringing movements by which he showed how well he knew that he had behaved very ill, but I was too well pleased to beat him. I could only caress him, it was so good to have him back. I had nothing more to do but unpack, make my bed, cook our supper and go to sleep."

PILOTS CARRIED TO SEA.

Sometimes They Go Farther Than Their Contracts Call For.

The Liverpool pilot who was carried by Queenstown and landed in New York last week will not have to pay anything for his passage or meals, but he will have more spare time on his hands than he likes to think about," said a Sandy Hook pilot. "If he has never been across before he may enjoy himself a bit seeing New York, but when he thinks of the wife and little ones at home who have nothing coming in all this time he is apt to feel a bit blue. His earnings do not begin until the Oceanic passes Queenstown again, homeward bound. He is like a city clerk under suspension for three weeks.

"It used to be a common thing for pilots for this side to get carried over, but since the days of steam pilot boats we can always manage to take a man off, in spite of rough weather. Of course, a steamer with a record to make isn't going to stop for a little thing like dropping a pilot. It is cheaper for her to carry him along than to delay, but it's mighty hard on him. In the old days the boys used to chip in for a little purse for the family of a pilot who was carried out. More English pilots accidentally come here than American pilots go over there. Queenstown harbor is a hard place to make when the Irish sea is out of humor. The big liners won't even stop for the mails, and that's an important thing to an Englishman."—New York Times.

The Alarm Watch.

The newest thing in alarm timepieces is an alarm watch. It looks like an ordinary watch, but has a gong in its interior.

You set it at the hour you want it to go off and wind it just as you would an alarm clock, and it goes off at the time set with a clatter of astonishing vigor and volume of sound when the size of the mechanism is considered.

The alarm watch may be made to serve the usual purpose of an alarm clock, the man carrying it as a watch by day, setting it and winding it as an alarm, and placing it perhaps on a chair at his bedside or under his pillow at night. It is carried by travelers as an ordinary watch, to be used, besides, as an alarm clock to wake them up to catch trains, and it may be used as a reminder of an engagement by day.

Clever Thieves Score Wins.

A magistrate's clerk has been known to have his tie pin stolen while in court, and one in Birmingham a few years ago lost his coat in the same way, but a more remarkable example, perhaps, of a thief's cleverness under the very eyes of the police was that of the burglar at Clerkenwell, who mananged to conceal two diamond rings while the police were searching him, and passed one of them to his wife in the cell while the police were looking on. The rings were under his tongue, and one of them passed from his mouth to his wife's when he was kissing her good-by.

Never tell a girl that her face looks like a picture; she'll think you think she painted the portrait herself.

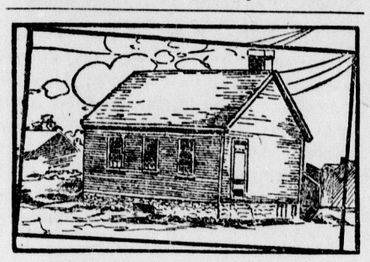
THE KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.

Birthplace of Secret Order Which Has Had Remarkable Growth.

Few persons outside the Knights of Pythias know of the birth of this order. Perhaps many knights do not know much about the earliest history, except that the founder was Justus Henry Rathbone, and that in 1864 the ritual of the order was first read.

As the birthplace of Pythianism, a little frame schoolhouse in Eagle Harbor, Mich., is the mecca for all Pythians that visit the famous copper country. Pythianism has in copperdom an historical significance that it can have in no other part of the country, for the reason that in the schoolhouse, now weatherbeaten, racked by storm, and prey to relic hunters, Rathbone taught the youngsters their three R's in the early sixties. For years the schoolhouse was cared for, for the sake of its association, but to-day it is in despair.

Justus Henry Rathbone was greatly impressed with the fidelity and friendship of Damon and Pythias. He decided to write the ritual of a secret order to be named the Knights of Pythias.



BIRTHPLACE OF PYTHIANISM.

A lover of mankind, inspired to noble deeds by the story of Damon and Pythias, Rathbone, the schoolmaster, labored on his ritual in spare moments at Eagle Harbor. Only one other person knew what he was doing. This was his roommate, who, by the way, rather discouraged than encouraged the work. Rathbone worked zealously, and when he had finished his task he had framed a ritual which is said to be most beautiful.

Once founded, the order has grown rapidly, and to-day, while one of the youngest of such orders, it is one of the largest and most flourishing. The ritual was first read Feb. 15, 1864, in Houghton, Mich. In 1868 the Supreme Lodge was organized; in 1894 it was incorporated. To-day throughout the United States the Supreme Lodge controls fifty-four jurisdictions, embracing a membership of more than half a million knights in every State and Territory, Hawaii, Alaska, Cuba, the Philippines, British Columbia, throughout the Dominion of Canada.

AGED RECLUSE LEFT $1,500,000 TO A WOMAN.

MRS. WILLIAM GEORGE.

Maximilian Hershel lived with the family of Wm. George, in New York. He was supposed to have a little money, but nobody ever dreamed that the old man was rich. When he was dying he told Mrs. George that she had been a daughter to him. He gave her a key to his box in a safety deposit vault, and before witnesses stated that all it contained was to become the property of Mrs. George. The box was opened. It contained bonds, deeds, mortgages, all gilt-edged securities to the value of fully $1,500,000. How the old man amassed the fortune is still a mystery.

The Speculative Street Arab.

"Hi, boy, look after my pony and trap a minute or two!" said a man to a barely clad urchin on the lookout for a job.

"Orl right, guv'nor!" replied the boy, as he went to the horse's head.

Five minutes later the man returned and was about to pay out sixpence for the service rendered when he noticed that the boy he engaged and the lad standing before him were two different beings.

"Here," he exclaimed, "I didn't leave my pony with you!"

"No, sir," answered the boy. "It's like this 'ere—I speckilated a bit. T'other boy wanted to go, so I just chanced it and giv' 'im a penny for his job!"

Too Much Noise.

"Don't you hear the bells summoning you to church?" asked an indignant country clergyman of a fisherman whom he met on his way to church. The wayward angler put an inquiring hand to his ear. Encouraged, the clergyman repeated the question. But once again, the fisherman asked for a repetition, and then again, and even yet again. Flushing from overmuch bawling, the parson was about to proceed on his way when the fisherman spoke:

"Very sorry, guv'nor," he said, "but them bloomin' bells make such a clatter that I can't hear a word you say."

OLD FAVORITES

How the Gates Came Ajar.

'Twas whispered one morning in heaven
How the little child-angel May,
In the shade of the great white portal,
Sat sorrowing night and day.
How she said to the stately warden—
He of the key and bar—
"O angel, sweet angel, I pray you
Set the beautiful gates ajar,
Only a little, I pray you—
Set the beautiful gates ajar!

"I can hear my mother weeping;
She is lonely; she cannot see
A glimmer of light in the darkness,
Where the gates shut after me.
Oh, turn the key, sweet angel,
The splendor will shine so far!"
But the warden answered, "I dare not
Set the beautiful gates ajar"—
Spoke low, and answered, "I dare not
Set the beautiful gates ajar!"

Then rose up Mary, the blessed,
Sweet Mary, mother of Christ;
Her hand on the head of the angel
She laid, and the touch sufficed;
Turned was the key in the portal,
Fell, ringing, the golden bar,
And lo! in the little child's fingers
Stood the beautiful gates ajar!
In the little child-angel's fingers
Stood the beautiful gates ajar!

"And this key, for further using,
To my blessed Son shall be given,"
Said Mary, mother of Jesus,
Tenderest heart in heaven.
Now, never a sad-eyed mother
But may catch the glory afar,
Since safe in the Lord Christ's bosom
Are the keys of the gates ajar,
Close hid in the dear Christ's bosom
And the gates forever ajar!
—From the Italian.

Listen to the Mocking Bird.

I'm dreaming now of Hallie,
For the thought of her is one that never dies;
She's sleeping in the valley
And the mocking bird is singing where she lies.
Listen to the mocking bird,
The mocking bird now singing o'er her grave;
Listen to the mocking bird
Still singing where the weeping willows wave.

When the charms of spring awaken
And the mocking bird is singing on the bough,
I feel like one forsaken,
For my Hallie is no longer with me now.
Listen to the mocking bird, etc.

Ah, well I yet remember
When we gathered in the cotton, side by side,
'Twas in the mild September,
And the mocking bird was singing far and wide.
Listen to the mocking bird,
The mocking bird now singing o'er her grave;
Listen to the mocking bird
Still singing where the weeping willows wave.
—Septimus Winner.

THAT COWBOY BREAKFAST.

Man Who Cooked the Steak for the President Tells of It.

The incident, or whatever you choose to call that first feature of President Roosevelt's Colorado experience which will make his great western tour memorable—the unique entertainment that furnished Mr. Roosevelt the right kind of Western welcome and gave Hugo, Col., a permanent place on the map—was the cowboy breakfast served to the national chief early on the morning of May 4, says the Denver Post.

The cook who cooked the breakfast and who glories in this exalted bit of cookery, is now in Denver. This is "Jack" Keppel, the whole-souled cowman who deserted his herds and rode many long miles in order to be on hand and officiate at Hugo.

"I was very proud," said quiet Mr. Keppel—and, by the way, nobody can describe the great event and the causes leading up to it, as he can—"quite proud when the Lincoln County Cattle Growers' Association selected me to take charge of the cooking of the cowboy breakfast which we had determined to serve to President Roosevelt.

"The Holt Live Stock Company's 'chuck' wagon was driven down to Hugo for my use and it was well supplied, as it was ready to start next day on its regular round-up route.

"As my assistant for the great enterprise I had that veteran of the range, John Heyman, as good a camp man as ever drew breath, so long as he was awake, and, thus fixed up, I felt fully equal to the great undertaking ahead of me.

"On Friday preceding the eventful Monday, May 4, when the President was to come through, I went down to Hugo from my ranch at Arroyo, to get everything shipshape and in order. On that evening we swung the pot rack and cleared a space about the rear end of the chuck wagon and on Saturday we unpacked the provisions and laid in butter and such things as had been overlooked.

"On Sunday, just to get my hand in and have things in working order, I cooked a big dinner for 150 natives and a couple of dozen 'rawhides' from Denver. I hadn't done any cooking for five years, and I was a little shaky about the job I had ahead of me, but the way those people ate and ate and came back for more convinced me that John and I could do the big stunt as well as anybody.

"On Sunday night about 8:30 I closed off the feeding and left nothing on but the beans, which cooked over a roaring fire till 12 o'clock. While the beans were cooking a number of old-timers gathered around the camp fire and swapped lies and sung songs and kept me company. It was a fine night, and they were all sorry when 12 o'clock came and I took off the beans and drove them all away. And I hated to do it, too, but it was late enough, and I had important work ahead of me for the morning.

"I rolled out my bedding right alongside the camp fire and turned into my blankets a little before 1 o'clock. I could hear the others celebrating uptown and I wished I could be with them, but I knew that would never do for me.

"A few hours later I was wooling John Heyman to get him awake and beating around with a club to find daylight in the dark. The first thing I did after making up my fire was to put the beans back on. John and I then made twelve gallons of coffee in three big pots and got the French fried potatoes ready. The next thing was to make the biscuits and put them in the Dutch ovens ready to bake. I made eight dozen of these and patted them out round and smooth. It's quite a job to make good biscuits, and you bet I was very particular with these. I wanted to have 'em just ready when the President came, so I went over to the depot and found out from the telegraph operator the exact moment when he would arrive.

"When we saw the smoke of the pilot train we heaped the fire on the tops of the Dutch ovens. This train brought the Governor and Congressman Brooks. They were too busy getting ready to receive the President to want to eat anything, and the biscuits were not done, anyhow. When the President's train hove in sight we got pretty excited around that camp fire, I can tell you. I had picked out a big T-bone steak, the finest one I ever saw, for the President.

"As the train was slowing up I nodded to John Heyman, my assistant, to drop the big steak onto the hot surface of the oven, which was on the rack, and heated up just right. By this time the biscuits were done to a turn and everything was ready. I had heard discouraging reports to the effect that President Roosevelt would not be allowed time enough at Hugo for him to get off and eat, but I knew if I could once get him in range of that beefsteak where he could get a whiff of that steak he would have to stay and eat.

"Well, I have cooked many a steak, but I was certainly more proud of that one than of any I ever turned out. It was a regular 'beaut,' and when Teddy cut into it and munched the first mouthful and I saw the tickled expression of his face I was so proud—well, I just had to swing my hat and holler."

Could Not Be Deceived.

An Englishman traveling in Russia furnishes the following incidents to a London paper—an incident which he personally witnessed and which he says "shows better than volumes of description the customs and social conditions of Russian peasants": "At a railway station the train is on the point of starting. As usual in Russia, the bell rings three times before departure, to warn the passengers to take their seats. At the first ring the chief conductor, seeing on the platform a group of peasants standing humbly and cautiously together, says very politely to them: "Gentlemen, the first signal is given, please take your places."

One of the peasants, turning to his comrades, says: "Dimitri, Ivan, Steven, do you hear? The master tells us to enter the train." "Oh, you stupid," says another. "Are you a gentleman? You heard him say 'gentlemen.' He invited the gentry." There is a second ring of the bell. The conductor calls, hurriedly and angrily: "Please, gentlemen, take your seats; you hear the second signal."

The same peasant says to the others: "It is for us. We must take our seats; the train will start." "You ass!" says his companion. "Do you think you are called a gentleman? Were you ever a gentleman?" The third ring of the bell is heard. The conductor, losing his temper and hustling the peasants forward, cries: "Idiots! Pigs! Beasts! Do you hear or not? Be off and take your seats!" "That is for us," say the peasants. "Dimitri, Ivan, hurry up. We must take our seats."

An Accomplished Monarch.

The King of Portugal is, personally, one of the most notable of living monarchs. His accomplishments with a gun are sufficiently well known, and also as a revolver shot he is hard to beat; but his tastes are very broad, for he is an accomplished landscape painter, whose work has before now won a medal at the Paris Exhibition and, like his kinsman, the Prince of Monaco, he is deeply interested in scientific pursuits. Of all monarchs he is probably the most accessible for, though he has an immense number of duties as the first servant of his country, he does not take the trappings of royalty very seriously.

The Old Habit.

Towne—I suppose you have heard that old Lawyer Sharpe is lying at the point of death.

Browne—No. Well, well, the ruling passion strong in death, eh?—Philadelphia Press.

Little Things Show.

The German state gives to one university more than the British government allows to all the universities and colleges in England, Ireland and Scotland together.

What a happy world this would be if people couldn't borrow trouble without putting up collateral security.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

DANGER OF INTERNATIONAL MARRIAGES.

By Mrs. Russell Sage.

MRS. SAGE.

The danger of international marriages—the wedding of our young American girls to titled foreigners—lies not in the possibility of the loveless alliance dictated by ambition nor the diverting of American wealth, but in the belittling of American traditions.

The real danger of the international marriage is in the fact that the bride in her allegience to another—her husband's—country may forget her own. It is not only a pity, but a reproach, that the children of the men who have done so much to make this country what it is should grow to think more of another land.

The descendants of the men who fought for the freedom of this country and those who labored perhaps even more gloriously in the ways of peace to build up our national institutions should feel that they are vitally bound up in its history. They should feel it to be the greatest country on earth.

It is frequently said that the American women who are now the wives of distinguished Britons have made themselves a power and infused new life into the British nobility. Lady Curzon, Lady Randolph Churchill (who is now Mrs. West), Mrs. Chamberlain and many others could be pointed to in verification of this assertion. But after all it is not the upbuilding of the British empire we are looking for, but the furtherance of our own nation.

And if an American woman marries a foreigner, English or any other, to be transplanted to his country, to forget her own or to believe that the older civilization with its many traditions is deserving of greater pride and affections than her own, she is casting a slur upon us. If she apes the manners of her adopted land—I mean other than conforming to the customs as any lady or gentleman must—instead of retaining her American womanhood, she insults the dignity of the country of her birth. And if she fails to make her children honor America, to make them love the story of its beginnings, its flag and its national hymns she is at heart a renegade. These are the evils of the foreign alliances—the decay of Americanism in the daughters of our rich men and the complete lack of it in their children.

THE USE AND ABUSE OF SALT.

By Horace Blanchon, Hospital of Paris.

There is a widespread belief that salt is a most important food—that it is useful to the different organs of the human body in the performance of their several functions, and that it is indispensable to the development and free play of the intellectual faculties. This belief is strengthened by the fact that in those regions of the earth where salt is not to be found it is imported from other places at great expense. In one of his recent works Albert Robin demonstrates that many of the states of fatigue and depression to which we are subject are accompanied by a marked loss of the mineral elements of our organism, and particularly of salt. In most persons suffering from neurasthenia this loss is extreme. The success of the method now in vogue in treating ner- depends to a great extent on the amount of salt carried by the blood. While in certain diseases there is an excessive secretion of salt, in others the same element is retained by the tissues in an abnormal degre. If persons so affected are given salt in excess it will be found that the cells vous diseases with saline injections is probably due to this fact. Prostrations or any state of great nervous excitation instead of throwing the salt off again as waste matter, retain it and it accumulates in the tissues. Such is the case with those whose kidneys do not perform their function properly. This is what happens under these conditions: The tissues, becoming saturated with salt, absorb water from the blood, and this infiltration causes what doctors term "edema" or "anasarca." Formerly doctors prescribed milk as a remedy for edema.

At this juncture Dr. Widal comes before the medical world and shows that milk is beneficial to the heart and kidneys subject to edema, for the reason that it is a food deficient in salt. For instance, if a person suffering from Bright's disease is given milk to which a quantity of salt has been added it will be found that the inflammation and swelling increases and the patient shows all the symptoms of auto-intoxication. Now give him bread and meat prepared so as to be most easily digested, but without salt, the swelling and inflammation will disappear, the kidneys will perform their function, and the general condition of the patient will improve in a short while.

In the future the great problem in therapeutics and hygiene will be just how far to restrict the use of salt in the case of sufferers from rheumatism, dyspepsia, nervousness, gout, heart disease, and kidney troubles. The abuse of the use of salt has as much to do with causing the aging of our tissues as has the abusive use of alcoholic stimulants. The tonic and pathogenic role which sodium chloride plays is a capital boon to our organism. Paradoxical as it may seem, it exerts a powerful influence on our mind in producing states of joy and sorrow, fear and anger, energy and depression.

WOMEN VERSUS MEN AS EMPLOYEES.

By United States Senator M. A. Hanna.

SENATOR HANNA.

With men there are always things to be taken advantage of; the women make their own opportunities. It is an encouraging sign in our development that the young women find vocations suitable to them. Why, if my wife would allow me, I would have a young woman filling every position of stenographer in my office. I plead guilty, I admire them. I have more confidence in women than in the boys. They are more industrious, more efficient and a good deal safer. In taking employment a young man should not be as a machine, working so many hours per day, but if he is to carve out a future for himself he should work as energetically as though the business were his own, for, indeed, if he is on a pay roll he is working for himself, and it is a mistake to think that the employer is not watching his development and appreciating his service if he is energetic.

ENJOY THE PRESENT.

No wild bird ever sang so sweet
That some who listened would not say
Its melody could not compete
With music of another day.

And when a future summer glows
And present joys are far away,
We'll love the song and miss the rose
That all unheeded past to-day.

So when grave sages bid the throng
Beware of modern joys I vow
I'll heed him not, but bless the song
That comes to cheer me here and now.
—Washington Star.

THE LATEST OF NINA'S LOVERS

"YOU won't find her that way."

Sheldon stopped short on the path to the cottage, and looked back. There was an old half-sunk pier at Dexter's Landing. One side sloped almost to the water, but the other was high and safe on its picturesque piling, stained green by the lapping river.

A figure in pink was perched at the far end of the pier. Nina never wore pink. She said it was ordinary. Nina's gowns were all in pastel tints. Also, the figure wore a large sunbonnet. Nina said that sunbonnets were ordinary, too, and topped her own pretty blonde curls with an airy creation in chiffon and tea roses.

Therefore, taking these points into consideration, Sheldon waved his cap in comrade fashion at the figure, and started for the pier.

"Don't whistle rag-time," said Sally, severely, when he was beside her. "It fidgets the fish."

"I don't see any fish," he returned mildly.

"There are lots and lots. If you keep looking steadily at the water you can see them. I just saw a great big perch come along, and he chewed my bait right off, and sailed away with it. Fish are the meanest, smartest things you ever saw. Want to fish?"

"Not to-day, thanks, Sally."

"Oh, I forgot. You want to find Nina. If you go down past the boathouse, up the broad walk to the hotel, then over to the beach—"

"It's too warm to travel," said Sheldon. "I'll fish. Lend me your pole."

Sally watched him thoughtfully, as he rebaited the hook and cast out with a broad sweep.

"Fishing's awfully soothing, when you are worried," she said after a time. "You have to keep still, anyway, and the water makes you so sleepy and rested when you hear it lapping against the pier."

"I'm not worried, Sally."

"Yes, you are. Of course you don't notice it, but everybody else does. And I'm awfully sorry for you—about Nina, you know." The white sunbonnet nodded at him sympathetically. "You really haven't the ghost of a chance. You know Harry Barton and Wallace Stevens and old Mr. Dean? They all had it, too. Wallace had it worse. He wanted to jump off the lighthouse pier until I told him that Harry and Mr. Dean had chosen the same place, and he changed his mind. They all tell me about it, you know, because I'm her sister. I can tell when one's in love with her before she can. First they give me candy and loan me their 'frat' pins, and say I'm a bully chum. Then after a while they say they wish they had a sister like me. Then they want me to tell them all about Nina ever since I can remember, and I fill them up."

"Fill them up?"

Sally nodded contentedly. "Tell them a lot of fairy tales about how lovely she has always been, and how she saved my life three or four times, and never told a lie, and won't use powder, or curl her hair on an iron, or anything. And they keep on liking me until Nina lets them fall over and after that they come and I sympathize with them, and they tell me how they would like to die. It's awfully interesting. Will you take to the pier when Nina lets you fall over?"

"I'm not in danger of taking a tumble, thank you, sister Sally."

"Oh, don't be morose and grumpy. It's a sure sign you are worried. And its nothing at all to be ashamed of. Nearly every one falls in love with Nina. It's part of their vacation. Wallace says. And she doesn't mind, only she says she does wish they'd all propose by moonlight, as it's more effective and interesting."

"Did any one ever propose to you, Sally?"

"Oh, my, yes. And it was lovely. Last year—no, two years ago—I was eleven, going on twelve, and the Seventy-second Regiment came down here to camp. And there was a bugler boy. He was going on fifteen. He wasn't very pretty, but you know how they look all dressed up cute, and he could blow the bugle so it said 'Sally.' And he used to write me notes, and hide them in trees, and after supper sit on the porch and talk and talk, just the way Nina does. And the night before he went away he proposed."

"What did he say?"

Sally hesitated, and her eyes were tender. "Don't you laugh, and tell Nina?"

"Never."

"Cross your heart, hope to die, if ever you tell you'll lose your eye," chanted Sally.

"Which eye?"

"You're laughing now. I don't care. He was a lovely boy. And he said, "Sally, let's run away, and never come back any more.' And I said, 'No; I am sorry to hurt your feelings, but I never will forget you or the honor you have done me as long as I live.' That's what Nina always says. And then I let him kiss me; and he wanted a lock of my hair, so I cut off a piece of Nina's long curl that she tacks on the back of her head when there's a hop. It wasn't just the color of my hair, but he didn't know, and that's what Nina does when they all beg locks of her hair. Why, she wouldn't have any hair left at all, you know. And I let him kiss me a few times more just to let him know I was really and truly sorry, and he went away. You've got a bite!"

Sheldon did not notice the bobbing cork. He was staring at a white sail that dipped blithely to the breeze at the north end of the island.

"Isn't that Creston's yacht?"

"The White Ladye? Yes, that's his." She looked at it attentively and sighed. "It's just as well you didn't hunt Nina because she's out there. Creston's splendid. He's got money, too; but that isn't it. I know Nina's in love with him, and it will all be fixed when they come back. I'd never let anybody propose to me on a yacht. Just get nicely started and have the sail flap at you, or something. And no one can handle a yacht when there's proposing, can they? Isn't she going a little topply now?"

Sheldon said something beneath his breath, and turned back to the contemplation of the cork.

"But Nina won't mind this time. I guess you don't mind anything when you're really in love. He's going South to-morrow if she doesn't say yes. He told me so, and I told Nina last night."

"They have veered around, and are heading for the pier."

"Maybe the bay is rough. You'll never catch a single fish if you bob like that. Maybe I ought not to have told you, but you're the only one of the whole lot that I like, and when I told Nina you were in love with her—that was after you gave me the fishpole, so I knew—and that I wished she'd marry you, she said you were taller than Creston, and a dear boy. And one day I found her crying, and asked her if she was in love, and she threw a pillow at me. And then I asked if it was you, and she threw two pillows. But when I said Creston, she just kept still, and cried, so I knew. They are coming this way."

"Do you think she'll take Creston?" asked Sheldon, without looking up.

"Oh, yes. I asked her, and she laughed and said if she didn't marry him she'd accept the last one who proposed. I wonder who that was. Wallace did last Sunday night, but Nina would rather try the lighthouse pier herself than take Wallace."

Sheldon took one last look at the white yacht bearing down upon them, and suddenly devoted all his attention to the fishpole. There were three impaled beauties to his string when the White Ladye slipped gently alongside the pier, and when he caught the rope that Creston threw, he was smiling almost cheerfully, and Sally took heart. Nina was cool and sweet in white duck barred in blue, and she smiled back at him as he helped her to the pier.

"Coming, Creston?" he asked.

Creston shook his head, and he raised his cap to her. Sally saw that his face wore the same look that had been on Barton's and the rest when Nina had finished with them; but the hand that held the white duck skirt from contact with the wet sides of the pier wore a single diamond ring, and Sally wondered.

"I am going back to the club-house," said Creston. "We sail South to-morrow."

When he had gone Sally looked anxiously at Nina. She was smiling at the retreating yacht.

"Nina"—Sally's tone was low and regretful—"is he really going?"

"Really and truly. I think he is heading for the lighthouse pier this minute—"

Sally reached for the fishpole, which Sheldon had cast aside, and threw out the line carefully.

"Well, I'm sorry for the last one, then," she said.

Sheldon raised a parasol over Nina with proprietary interest, and shut off the view of the yacht as he kissed her.

"Pity me, Sally," he said. "I'm the last one. We were engaged last night."

Sally turned her back tactfully, and the white sunbonnet was mirrored in the water.

"Do it again if you want to," she said gently. "I won't peek. Only go away, or you'll scare the fishes."—Woman's Home Companion.

He Knew the Pike Family.

Other people may shoot a stray deer or hook a passing fish, but an Indian's success in hunting and fishing is seldom by chance. He knows where his quarry is to be found, for he has learned its habits at all seasons. Nor is there any reason why civilization should lessen his hold of nature's secrets, as the Maine Sportsman shows by an anecdote of Charles A. Eastman—a full-blooded Sioux who is both author and physician.

A famous general, fishing in a Minnesota lake, broiling in the sun, with plenty of perspiration and no bites, was once accosted by Dr. Eastman from the bank. The impatient general declared there were no fish there, or he would have caught some during his morning's labor with the line.

"Oh, yes, there are," said Eastman.

The general doubted it, so Eastman joined him in the boat. After a few moments' rowing about, Eastman found a spot that pleased him, dropped his line, and in a very few moments had a whopping big pike banging his tail against the ribs of the boat.

"How was that?" asked the general.

"Oh," returned Dr. Eastman, "the little stream that enters the lake just here has made a plateau of sand at the bottom. The sun is over there, and makes a shadow under the side of the plateau where Mrs. Pike and the young Pikes can wait in comfort while Mr. Pike goes off to get food. They were hungry for my bait, as this is about the time they feed."

When the general and Dr. Eastman returned home they carried on a string the whole Pike family, Mr. Pike included.

Changed His Mind.

It is a wise father who knows just which story to tell in regard to his own child. Jackson, like other men, has a horror of infant prodigies as exploited by their proud papas. One day he met his friend Wilkins, who greeted him with:

"Hallo, Jackson! What do you think my little girl said this morning? She's the brightest 4-year-old in town. She said——"

"Excuse me, old man," exclaimed Jackson, "I'm on way to keep an engagement! Some other time——"

"She said, 'Papa, that Mr. Jackson is the handsomest man I know!' Haw, haw! How's that for precocity, eh?"

And Jackson replied:

"Wilkins, I'm a little early for my engagement. That youngster certainly is a bright one. Come into this toy shop and help me select a few things that will please a girl of her taste, and I'll send them to her, if you don't mind."

Her Last Breath.

I hear a story the other day which is probably as old as the hills, though I never had the luck to hear it before. It was of a somewhat lengthy railway journey in very warm weather. An elderly lady, seated in one corner of the carriage, was provided with an India rubber cushion for her greater comfort, but unfortunately, owing to the heat and continued pressure, the cushion suddenly exploded. The old lady was in despair, even to tears, over the misfortune to the wind bag and again and again reverted to her misfortune. "Tuts, woman," said a commercial traveler in another corner of the carriage, "it's not worth making a fuss about. You will get it repaired in town for about 18 pence." "It's no' that I'm vexed aboot—it's no' the price. That's easy sorted. But the last time that bag was blown up it wis by Aunty Jean, almaist wi' her last breath, an' that canna be restored!"—Glasgow Evening Times.

Not Photographer.

"If you don't mind!" suddenly exclaimed the timid young man, who had finally screwed up sufficent courage to turn out the gas.

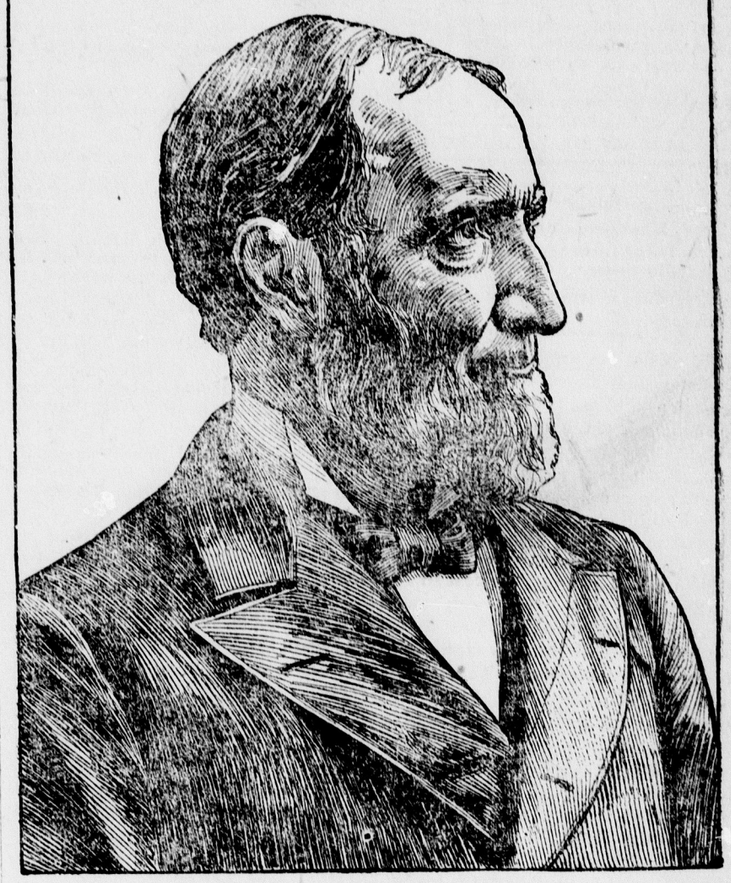
"You needn't have done that, Mr. Slowe," said the sweet girl, calmly. "A dark room is not necessary for the development of this negative."—Philadelphia Press.

The tactful woman: A tactful woman is a woman who can live within her income without seeming to.—Detroit Free Press.

When a married woman elopes with another woman's husband it's hard to tell just who is entitled to sympathy.

"UNCLE JOE" CANNON

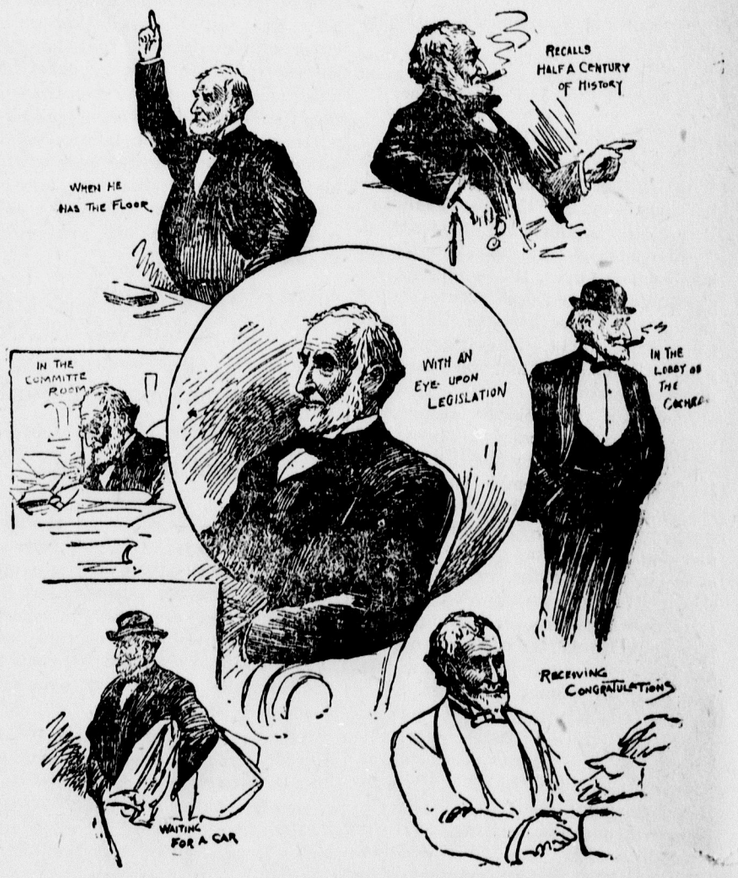
Speaker of the House of Representatives.



SPEAKER JOSEPH G. CANNON.

Six lines in the official directory of Congress comprise all that "Uncle Joe" Cannon, the new speaker of the House of Representatives, has to say about his career. The most of that is devoted to an enumeration of the fourteen Congresses to which he has been elected. Many others devote half a page to the story of their lives, and yet Mr. Cannon's memory sweeps the period of almost half the existence of the American republic. He has long been a leader in his party. It is said that Cannon has never set out to get a thing without putting into the effort everything that could be honestly adjusted to the end in view. He was born in Greensboro, N. C., in 1836, but his parents moved to Pike County, Indiana, when Joe was 4 years old. The elder Cannon was a farmer, and when he died his son, who was then 14, continued the work of supporting the family until he was 23. He had long been determined to become a lawyer, and in pursuance of his purpose entered the Cincinnati Law School. After graduation he went to Terre Haute, where he remained until 1850, when he removed to Tuscola, Ill. He set out to get the office of prosecuting attorney, and he got and held it for seven years.

Those who have heard, or perhaps it would be more to the point to say seen, Mr. Cannon speaking in the House will appreciate the humor of the situation. When he begins, he interlocks his two little fingers. As he progresses he struggles vainly for some time to get them apart. Suddenly they separate with a jerk, and Mr. Cannon then begins a violent assault upon the palm of his left hand with the index finger of his right. He pounds it, he digs it, and finally, possibly when he can no longer stand the pain, he puts



"UNCLE JOE" AS WASHINGTON KNOWS HIM.

the palm out of commission and depends entirely upon his index finger, which, in turn, he points in the most aggressive manner at the various members of the opposition. That is the beginning of the climax. Gradually working his way to a desk, he begins to pound it in emphasis with his left hand. The temporarily relieved right hand is not long permitted to rest, for as the finish approaches it alternates with the left in the pounding, until when the grand climax is reached Cannon is stooped over, his head the hub of a rapidly revolving wheel, of which the spokes are his rapidly gyrating arms. It makes a convincing spectacle, though Mr. Cannon's warmest admirer will not contend that it is a graceful one.

As chairman for many years of the appropriations committee Mr. Cannon's influence on legislation has been greater than that of any man in Congress save the Speaker. In appearance Mr. Cannon is uncouth. He gives the impression of being "as tough as a pine knot." He detests being referred to as "the watchdog of the treasury." He declares that he only listens to the barkings of the numerous self appointed "watch dogs" and then investigates for the purpose of learning whether or not their growlings are worthy of investigation. That Mr. Cannon is sturdily honest even his detractors have never denied, and he is a concededly able parliamentarian and forceful debater, though, technically perhaps, rather a poor speaker.

A girl never thinks a young man's heart is in the right place unless she possesses it.

It sometimes happens that the woman who is disappointed in love isn't disappointed in marriage.

THE ENTERPRISE

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BRANCH OFFICE, 202 Sansome St., San Francisco, Room 4, third floor.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1903.

We are indebted to Hon. Chas. F. Curry, Secretary of State, for a copy of the State Blue Book for 1903. The book is invaluable for reference, and is first-class every way. Thanks, Mr. Secretary.

We wish all our readers a Merry Christmas and trust each and every one may be blessed with a sufficiency of the goods which go to make good cheer. May the spirit of this beneficent season inspire and animate every one to the end that all feuds may be forgotten, all broils buried and true peace and good will reign supreme.

We notice a growing interest in real estate in our town and an increase in real estate transactions. This interest and activity will in the nature of things go on increasing. The electric road is about completed. Work will begin on the Bay Shore cutoff within the next sixty days. There are at present five prosperous industries at work employing seven and eight hundred men on a weekly payroll aggregating fully $10,000. The day has passed away when there was the slightest risk in real estate investments here. Many of our wage earners have come to realize this fact and are putting their savings into lots instead of the savings banks.

SENTENCES FROM THE MESSAGE.

Publicity can do no harm to the honest corporation.

Obedience to the law is demanded as a right; not asked as a favor.

We cannot have too much immigration of the right kind, and we should have none at all of the wrong kind.

The body politic cannot be sound and healthy if many of its constituent members claim their standing through the prostitution of the high right and calling of citizenship.

It should be the policy of the United States to leave no place on earth where a corrupt man fleeing from this country can rest in peace.

The givers and takers of bribes stand on an equal pre-eminence of infamy.

The first requisite of self-government is unflinchnig enforcement of the law and the cutting out of corruption.

The fighting ship, not the commerce destroyer, is the vessel whose feats add renown to a nation's history, and establish her place among the great powers of the world.—Omaha Bee.

A GRAND INSTITUTION.

We have to thank General Secretary H. J. McCoy for a copy of the Jubilee Year Book of the San Francisco Young Men's Christian Association. The book is a fine specimen of the book makers' art. It contains a complete history, covering fifty years, of the greatest brotherhood of young men in the world. The organization now belts the globe and has nearly a million members.

The San Francisco Association building on the corner of Mason and Ellis streets, given by the liberal public of that city, is worth half a million dollars and is a beehive of activity for young men. It conducts night and day schools for young men. It conducts university extension lectures, a fine gymnasium for the school of physical culture and swimming, a library and debating society, an evening law school and an employment department for young men. It has a system of furnishing young men going to the city as strangers desirable rooms, homes and boarding places. It takes the place of the home for homeless young men. A full descriptive catalogue will be sent to all who may desire it. Through the Enterprise Secretary McCoy extends an invitation to young men from this or other country towns and places to visit the Association rooms when in San Francisco. We suggest to the young men of this industrial town that they avail themselves of the privilege. They will never regret doing so.

The Scientific American has issued another special number, this time devoted to the Iron and Steel industry of the United States. Technically considered, the number is one of the best of the special issues which have so far been prepared by the Scientific American. Each article bears the stamp of absolute certainty of fact—a certainty gained by a personal examination of each of the plants described. Instead of giving a condensed account of a large number of less important works, the editors have wisely adopted the plan of selecting a certain number of large industrial establishments, and of giving them a very thorough description. Among the more notable articles of the issue may be mentioned those on armor plate and gun steel, structural shapes, tube making, chain making, steel and wire making and rail making. The number is dressed in a handsome colored cover.

GLOBE SIGHTS.

How did the stork get into the baby game?

"I'll think it over," is another way of saying you don't want to do it.

When you hear of a man making money "hand over fist," listen for the explosion.

If you are poor you don't know what a fool you would be with money.

It will ruin any poor man to run around with men who have large incomes.

The person who says he has no secrets is as big a story teller as the one who says he never told a lie.

Not one person in a thousand can become familiar with another without showing impudence.

A man gives up his religion for his wife's when he marries, and the wife gives up her politics for her husband's.

When a really capable man gets sick, ever notice how hard it is to find another man who can do his work?

A preacher enjoys being called "Doctor" as much as a justice of the peace enjoys being called "Judge."

When there is a danger sign up some people get a reputation for bravery by skating nearer to it than any one else.

We have noticed that despondent people say most about jumping into the river at the time when it is frozen over.

We have noticed that a fourth cousin in rich kin is somehow a nearer tie than a first cousin in poor kin.

A man's cleverness in the railroad business often depends on his ability to locate the blame on somebody else.

When a man shows a "fatherly interest" in you, girls, note two facts: His own daughters need it, and your own father can supply all you need.

Christmas is the climax of the annual contest in a woman's heart between pleasing the children and wrecking their father. — Atchison Globe.

OWES HIS LIFE TO PECULIAR ACCIDENT

Youth Who Shoots Himself in Abdomen Saved by Bullet Which Wounded Him.

Tacoma, Wash.—One of the strangest accidents ever reported from Alaska occurred to George Steele, who accidentally shot himself through the abdomen on the Pelly river. It was twenty-three days before he reached Dawson and underwent an operation for perforation of the bowels. That Steele did not die from peritonitis within a few hours after the accident is causing the physicians to marvel.

Investigation showed that the bullet, in its course through Steele's abdomen, performed the operation of colotomy as perfectly as any physician could have done and saved his life. The bullet passed through his wrist before lodging in the abdomen. He was taken to Dawson, nearly 200 miles, by stage over a rough trail before receiving medical attendance. It was several days after he reached the hospital before a nurse decided that his bowels had been perforated. Steele is 22 years old, with a good constitution, which will enable him to live.

ABOLISHES SLAVERY IN MINDANAO ISLAND

General Wood Issues a Proclamation After He Has Conquered the Moros.

New York.—A cable to the Sun from Manila says: General Leonard Wood reports that in his recent operations he heavily punished the Moros, who had apparently formed a strong combination to capture Jolo. They attempted to sneak 700 men inside the walls of the city, expecting to surprise the Americans.

After the defeat of the natives Wood spent five days in conferring with the Dattos, with the result that he issued a proclamation declaring slavery abolished. This was in accordance with a law passed by the Legislative Council of Moro provinces last October. The head men promised to obey.

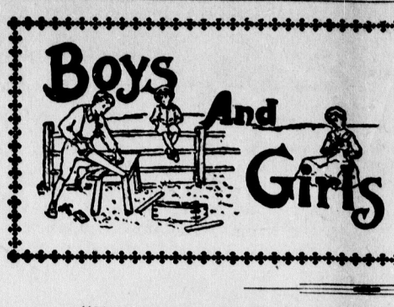
General Wood is coming to Manila to propose a scheme to the Government for the establishment of Moros on land assigned to them by the authorities. Head men and sultans, according to this plan, will receive tracts of sufficient size to insure them incomes from the rentals.

Ten Killed by Dynamite.

Manila.—Three Americans and seven natives were killed Saturday by the fumes from a blast of dynamite in a quarry of the Atlantic Pacific Company at Mariveles, near the entrance to Manila bay. Among those killed were Joseph Law, superintendent, and Thomas Strader, engineer.

Diamonds Stolen in Portland.

Portland, Or.—Porch-climbers entered the residence of Sigmund Frank, a wealthy merchant of this city, and secured $2000 in diamonds.



Little Stories and Incidents that Will Interest and Entertain Young Readers

"I'll Pay You for It."

This little parable by an unknown author teaches its own lesson:

A hen trod on a duck's foot. She did not mean to do it, and it did not hurt the duck much; but the duck said, "I'll pay you for that!" So the duck flew at the old hen, but as she did so her wing struck an old goose that stood close by.

"I'll pay you for that!" cried the goose, and she flew at the duck; but as she did so her foot tore the fur of a cat that was just then in the yard.

"I'll pay you for that!" cried the cat, and she started for the goose; but as she did so her claw caught in the wool of a sheep.

"I'll pay you for that!" cried the sheep, and she ran at the cat; but as she did so her foot hit the foot of a dog that lay in the sun.

"I'll pay you for that!" cried he, and jumped at the sheep; but as he did so his leg struck an old cow that stood by the gate.

"I'll pay you for that!" cried she, and she ran at the dog; but as she did so her horn grazed the skin of a horse that stood by a tree.

"I'll pay you for that!" cried he, and he rushed at the cow.

What a noise there was! The horse flew at the cow, and the cow at the dog, and the dog at the sheep, and the sheep at the cat, and the cat at the gooss, and the goose at the duck, and the duck at the hen. What a fuss there was, and all because the hen accidentally stepped on the duck's toes.

"Hi! Hi! What's all this?" cried the man who had the care of them. "You may stay here," he said to the hen; but he drove the duck to the pond, the goose to the field, the cat to the barn, the sheep to her fold, the dog to his house, the cow to her yard, and the horse to his stall. And so all their good times were over because the duck would not overlook a little hurt which was not intended.—New Orleans Picayune.

Day Dreams.

"When I'm a man," said Johnny,
"I'll be a sailor bold,
And I'll sail the mighty ocean in search
of wealth untold.
And I'll build myself a castle with a
fearful donjon keep,
And I'll have ten thousand vassals who
will guard me while I sleep.

"Then I'll rescue some fair princess from
a robber, don't you see?
And she will thank me sweetly and say
she'll marry me;
And when I wed the princess I'll be a
king, you know,
And I'll have a million subjects who
will bow before me low!"

But while he was a-dreaming of the time
that was to be,
The teacher asked him gently the simple
rule of three;
Then his castle and his kingdom faded
into air at once,
And the crown that fate decreed him
was the tall cap of a dunce.
—St. Nicholas.

Tallest on Earth.

In a comparative table of stature, arranged according to nationalities, the United States Indian stands higher than any other race of the world, though the Patagonian runs him very close. The white citizen comes next. The United States negro ranks fourteenth in the scale, and of all the countries of the world considered the Portuguese are found to be the shortest

It has always been proverbial among anatomists that blond nations are greater than their darker neighbors. This is due to the geological positions of the blond races. They are characteristic of the North, and on account of the lower degree of temperature are induced to take more exercise, which throws them more in the open air.

At the top of the list of the countries, arranged in order of statute, the first seven, after the United States white men, are Norway, Scotland, British America, Sweden, Ireland, Denmark and Holland, all northern nations.

Queer Jap Sings.

Nearly every shop in Japan for the sale of foreign goods is furnished with a sign in a foreign language. No matter whether the language is intelligible; if it is only in foreign characters that is enough. Many of these signs are a study: "The all countries Boot and Shot Small or Fine Wares;" "Old Curious;" "Horseshoe maker instruct by French horse leech;" "Cut Hair Shop;" "If you want sell watch, I will buy; if you want buy watch, I will sell. Yes, sir, we will, all will. Come at my show. Watchmaker;" "Hatter Native Country;" "The Hause Build for the manufacture of all and best kind of Hats."

A Trick with Figures.

Ask a friend to put down four figures which you are not supposed to see. Let him add these up and subtract the sum from the original figures. Then let him strike out any figure in the result and tell you the sum of the remaining figures. You can instantly tell him what figure he struck out. The modus operandi is easy and depends on the esoteric qualities of 9. He puts down, say, 7,428. Add up these figures —21, which subtract and get 7,407. Cross out, say, 7. This leaves the sum of the remaining figures 11, which he announces. Mentally subtract 11 from the next highest multiple of 9, which is 18, and you get 7, which was the figure crossed out.

Inherited.

"What's patrimony, papa?" asked little Dan.

"Patrimony, my dear," replied papa, "is something inherited from the father."

"Why, then," exclaimed Dan, "matrimony must be something inherited from the mother, isn't it?"

Another Tongue Twister.

How much wood could a woodchuck chuck, if a woodchuck could chuck wood?

Just as much wood as a woodchuck could, if a woodchuck could chuck wood.

Riddles.

When is a window like a star? When it's a skylight.

Why is an egg like a horse? Because it is of no use until it is broken.

MIKE STILL HAD THE GOAT.

Animal Had Flagged the Train and Saved Its Own Life.

Mike Nolan was smoking comfortably in his yard in East Burlington on evening and a friend of his was leaning over the fence talking to him. As his eyes ranged over the yard he caught sight of the old billy goat.

"Mike," says he, "I see you have the goat yet."

"Oh, yes," says Mike.

"I thought you said you'd kill the goat."

"Sure, and I did, but I will tell you how it was," answered Mike. "I came home the other night from me work and me wife's says to me: 'What do you think the goat's done now?' 'I dunno,' says I. 'He's chewed up Finnegan's red shirt that his wife had hung on the line to dry, and Finnegan says he'll kill the goat if you don't do it yourself.' I says: 'I'll not have Finnegan or any other man lay hands on that goat; I'll kill the goat meself.' An' so I got down me owld gun and took the goat out into the corner of the yard and tied him to the fence, and I stood forninst him to shoot him. And he gave me a kind of knowing look, like, and I minded the time when he was a little goat and played wid the children, and I couldn't kill him looking like that. So I took him down to the railroad track and hitched him between the rails and went up behind the wall until the express train came along. Presently I heard the train coming and I says to meself: 'Ole man, ye're gone now. Ye was a good goat in yer day, but ye're gone now.' An' wid that I heard the whistle a-blowing and the brakes a grinding and the men hollering, and I says: 'What's that goat done now?' I ran to the track, and what do you think? That old goat had coughed up Finnegan's shirt and flagged the train!"—Holly, N. J., Herald.

Temples in Japan.

There are many peculiar temples throughout Japan, those being sacred to the spirits of dead children being, perhaps, as odd as any. These temples are mostly visited by sad mothers. One of these at Kioto contains hundreds of small wooden Buddhas, arranged on shelves, sloping back, row upon row, and covered with the baby clothes of infants who have died under a year old. At Osaka is another of these children's temples. Here, too, are hung everywhere, children's clothes offered by the mothers.

A priest sitting on a mat gives the bereaved mother, for a fee, a shaving of wood with the name of the dead child written on it. This she takes to another shrine, where is a pool of water issuing from the mouth of a colossal stone tortoise. The pool is full of these shavings. They are cast into it just where the water pours in from the tortoise's mouth, and happy the woman whose chip gets well soaked at once. It is believed that this will insure the child an easy passage to heaven, as the water carries the names to Buddha, who at once calls for them as he reads them.

Mistake in a Street Car.

Said a man on a street car who had already given up his seat as he nudged a familiar friend who still kept his:

"Why don't you get up and give the woman a seat?"

She, who was standing, glared at him.

"Sir!" she said, "I will have you know I am a lady!"

"Ah! Beg your pardon, madam," he replied politely, "I took you for a woman!"—Portland Oregonian.

Novel Tug-of-War.

After quarreling over the respective strength of a horse and a mule two farmers at Segovia, Spain, decided to settle the matter by a tug-of-war. The animals were harnessed one at each end of a cart. After a desperate struggle the mule triumphed, pulling the horse off its legs and galloping away with it.

It is probably a woman's funny book that makes her laugh in her sleeve.

You can't satisfy Mr. Cook.

WHAT VARIOUS NATIONS EXPORT

Paraguay exports mate or Paraguay tea.

Roumania supplies wheat, wine and hides.

The staple crop of the Barbadoes is sugar.

Siam furnishes the larger part of the world's rubies.

Bokhara sends out vast quantities of silk and cotton.

Ecuador exports cocoa, coffee, straw hats and ivory nuts.

The Soudan gives the world most of the ostrich feathers worn.

Fish, lumber and iron are Norway's gifts to the world's commerce.

The chief exports of Abyssinia are skins, ivory, gums and mules.

One of the leading articles of export from the Philippine Islands is hemp.

The Bermudas export enormous quanaities of onions and lily bulbs.

The Congo Free State supplies palm oil, rubber, ivory, peanuts, gum copal and cam wood.

The exports of Honduras consist mainly of cattle, mahogany and dye woods, hides and rubber.

The United States manufactures every year over $350,000,000 of iron and $500,000,000 of steel.

The fisheries of Canada are annually worth nearly $20,000,000, cod, salmon, herring, lobsters and mackerel being the most important.

Turkey sends out tobacco, the cereals,, nuts, almonds, olives, all sorts of dried fruits, coffee, madder, opium, and an enormous amount of wine, the last-named article to France to be rebottled and exported. A very important trade is also carried on in figs, sponges and coral.

APHORISMS.

Philosophy is nothing but discretion. —John Selden.

The only wealth which will not decay is knowledge.—Langford.

All imposture weakens confidence and chills benevolence.—Johnson.

Trouble teaches men how much there is in manhood.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Your real influence is measured by your treatment of yourself.—A. Bronson Alcott.

Human judgment is finite and it ought always to be charitable.—William Winter.

Kindness in us is the honey that blunts the sting of unkindness in another.—Landor.

Politeness is a sort of guard which covers the rough edges of our character and prevents their wounding others.—Joubert.

The constant duty of every man to his fellows is to ascertain his own powers and special gifts, and to strengthen them for the help of others.—Ruskin.

His Was Not His Wish.

"There's a strange man at the door, sir," announced the new servant from Boston.

"What does he want?" asked the master of the house, impatiently.

"Begging your pardon, sir," replied the servant, a shade of disapproval manifest in his voice, "he wants a bath, but what he is asking for is something to eat."

All Men as Plaintiffs.

In an action for slander brought against a well-known anti-Semite of Berlin all the male Jews of the town of Konitz figure as plaintiffs.

South San Francisco Laundry

C. GRAF, Prop'r.

Washing called for and delivered to any part of South San Francisco. Special attention paid to the washing of **Flannels and Silks.**

All Repairing Attended to

Your patronage respectfully Solicited. Leave orders at BADEN CASH STORE,

South San Francisco, Cal.

UNION COURSING PARK

The Finest Inclosed COURSING PARK In the World

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Notary Public.

OFFICE AT POSTOFFICE,

Corner Grand and Linden Avenue, SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO CAL

TOWN NEWS

Plant trees.

This town is growing.

Better buy a lot now.

Get ready for Christmas.

Real estate in this town is gilt edged.

Land Agent Martin sold three lots the past week.

Mrs. Palanay has bought a lot on Grand avenue.

Senator Healy received three carloads of lumber on Tuesday.

J. J. Nessier of San Francisco paid our town a visit Wednesday.

Ed O'Donnell left on Tuesday for the Soldiers' Home at Yountville.

For prices and terms on San Bruno Park lots inquire of E. E. Cunningham.

Two big wagon loads of lumber arrived on Monday for the Kauffmann residence.

The band boys and Hose Company No. 1 will hold a joint smoker this evening at Butchers' Hall.

Our public school closed Friday for a three weeks' holiday vacation. The Enterprise wishes teachers and pupils a "Merry Christmas" and "Happy New Year."

A special Christmas Sunday School service will be held in Grace Church. All Sunday School scholars are especially invited to be present next Sunday to sing the Christmas hymns.

Real estate bought and sold; houses rented; taxes paid; conveyancing done; leases and other legal papers drawn by E. E. Cunningham, real estate agent and notary public. Postoffice building. *

The Grace Mission Sunday School will hold their Christmas Party at Butchers' Hall on Wednesday afternoon, December 30th, from 2 till 5 o'clock. An interesting program will be provided and all are cordially invited.

David G. Martin came home from St. Matthew's School at San Mateo Tuesday for a three weeks' vacation. David was accompanied by his schoolmate and friend, Albert Horner of Hawaii. Both young men have been at the head of their respective classes and were first on the roll of honor.

The stockholders of the old Bank of San Mateo County have incorporated the San Mateo County Savings Bank with a capital stock of $50,000. The Savings Bank will carry on business in the building of the San Mateo County Bank and open its doors for business on January 1, 1904.

If you desire to feel safe, sleep sound and fortify your credit, don't fail to have a policy of fire insurance to cover your property, and to secure such protection in sound companies, call on E. E. Cunningham, at Postoffice building.

Frank Miner is planting 4200 gum trees for the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company. The trees are planted in rows ten feet apart, with five rows of trees covering fifty feet in width. The first belt of trees extends from the mountain along the west side of Spruce avenue to the track of the S. P. R. R. The second belt will cross the townsite just west of the schoolhouse. The first belt is planted from the mountain to Mr. Eikerenkotter's residence.

Coroner Crowe held an inquest Thursday night in Judge Hannon's courtroom to inquire into the death of Dwight M. Young, who was drowned last year and whose remains were found two weeks ago near the bay shore. The jury found that the deceased came to his death by drowning. The deceased held an insurance policy in the Woodmen of the World, in favor of his wife, which they would not pay until proof of his death had been furnished.—Times-Gazette.

NEW TOWNS ARE SPRINGING UP.

That the eyes of the home-seeking element are directed toward this peninsula is shown by the new towns which are being laid out between this city and San Francisco.

The town of San Bruno is the latest candidate for public favor, and is located immediately north of the site of the old San Bruno Hotel.

Although the tract has been on the market less than two months, we are informed by Messrs. Hensley & Green that upward of eighty lots have already been disposed of, and that several of the purchasers are preparing to build.

We understand several lots have already been spoken for in the new town which has been laid out on property purchased from the Corbett Estate at Burlingame, by Messrs. F. S. Moody and others. In the spring it is said to be the intention of the promoters to plant a large number of trees along the avenues of the tract and to otherwise beautify and adorn the property.

All along the peninsula the demand for real estate is brisk, and in San Mateo and the various subdivisions and additions adjacent to the city transfers are being constantly recorded.—Leader, San Mateo.

REDUCED RAILROAD RATES.

The Southern Pacific Company announces the following reductions of rates:

Account Southern California Teachers' Association, to meet in Los Angeles December 22d to 24th, one first-class fare and one-third, on the receipt certificate plan.

On account of the Christmas and New Year holidays liberal reductions have been made for round-trip passages between stations in California. Full particulars may be learned by applying to nearest agent.

SUE FOR HEAVY DAMAGES.

Philip and Bridget O'Malley, whose son George was killed on June 13th last by being run into by a Southern Pacific train near Wellesley Park, sued the company in San Francisco Monday for $20,000 damages. Jane Olague and W. Cully, whose brother John was killed at the same time as O'Malley, filed a suit for $10,000 damages. In both suits carelessness is alleged.—Times-Gazette.

WAITING FOR A FRANCHISE

Construction Work on the Bay Shore Cut-off Will Start When Ordinance Is Passed.

Officials in the general offices of the Southern Pacific Company are perfecting plans for the commencement of work on the bay shore cut-off. The ninety-day publication of the franchise under which the cut-off is to be built will expire on Monday next and it is expected that the franchise will be finally passed by the Supervisors without further delay. The terms and conditions of the franchise as passed to print are acceptable to the company and it is announced on the authority of General Manager Kruttschnitt that the company is only waiting for the final passage of the franchise before it places contracts for the construction of the new line out of San Francisco. From present indications work on the cut-off will begin early after the beginning of the new year.—S. F. Chronicle.

REDWOOD'S OPPOSITION BANK.

L. E. McLellan, who is agitating the organization of a banking institution at Redwood City, reports the enterprise in excellent shape. Furthermore, he says, an option has been secured upon the Claus Hadler corner, which will be purchased provided the decision is arrived at to organize the bank.—Leader, San Mateo.

THE OIL GUSHER NEAR PURISSIMA.

The bursting forth of an immense flow of oil at the Fountain Oil Company's well at Purissima last week has caused considerable excitement in the oil world, and should the supply prove to be one-half of what is estimated at the present time the future of the oil industry in this county is assured.

After much difficulty the well was capped, and during the operation four men were seriously injured by an explosion. It is estimated that were the cap removed the oil would flow from the well at the rate of 500 barrels per day. There are several parties in the vicinity of the new strike who declare the flow will greatly exceed those figures.

Concerning the strike the Pacific Oil Reporter in last Saturday's issue says:

Reliable information reaches us of the opening up of a gusher well by the Fountain Oil Company, on the ridge overlooking Halfmoon Bay. This is one of the most important strikes in the history of California oil fields and opens up a most important oil district producing a high gravity oil. Previous good strikes have been made in the district, but none that have so thoroughly demonstrated the vast wealth of that section.—Leader, San Mateo.

MILLBRAE NOTES.

Hobo season is on full blast and numbers of that gentry are seen going through our village daily.

Mrs. Magee has moved into her cottage on Walnut Heights.

Joe Hoge and Alex Colvin are over on the coast side in quest of quail and rabbits.

J. C. Robb was a local visitor Monday.

James Callahan has disposed of his possessions at Palo Alto and went thither during the week to close the deal.

Oyster planting is in full blast at the oyster beds.

Geo. A. Shearer, a postal official of the city, spent Sunday here, the guest of Depot Agent Murphy.

John Mangini has opened a saloon on the county road just below the hotel.

Several of the county teams were laid off Saturday night.

Fred McNulty did police duty at the Johnson-Ferguson fiasco at Colma Friday night.

Captain Condrey of Sacramento was here during the week on a visit to his cousin, Mrs. E. Magee. The Captain is a devoted adherent of coursing and is the owner of a couple of hounds of established reputation.

The recent cold snap has had the effect of retarding the mushroom crop, of which there was plenty, previous to the advent of cold weather.

Lewis Stacy, section foreman for the S. P. Co., has received notice of his transfer to Gilroy. He will be succeeded by Edward Browning of Surf.

The aged sister of Starky Valencia is dangerously ill at San Rafael and her death is but a question of a short time.

Miss Mary Kerr, eldest daughter of Thomas Kerr, was struck by a trolley car opposite the Sixteen-Mile House one night last week. She was taken to San Francisco for treatment. Her injuries are not considered dangerous.—Leader, San Mateo.

ADVANTAGES OF SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO AS A MANUFACTURING CENTER.

A low tax rate.

An equable and healthful climate.

The only deep water on the peninsula south of San Francisco.

Directly on the Bay Shore line of the Southern Pacific Railway and only ten miles from the foot of Market street, San Francisco.

A ship canal which enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

An independent railroad system, which provides ample switching facilities to every industry.

Waterworks with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district.

Thirty-four hundred acres of land in one compact body fronting on the bay of San Francisco, affording cheap and advantageous sites for all sorts of factories.

Several large industries already in actual and successful operation.

An extensive and fine residence district, where workingmen may secure land at reasonable prices and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

COUNTY GAME LAW.

The Dates on Which Game and Fish May Be Taken or Killed.

Following are the open Game seasons as issued by the San Mateo County Fish and Game Protective Association:

Cottontail or Bush Rabbits.....July 1 to Feb. 1
Rail.....October 15 to Nov. 16
Hunting with boats one hour before or after high tide prohibited.
Deer.....August 1 to October 1
Trout.....April 1 to November 1
Not more than 100 to be caught in one calendar day.
The killing of Tree or Pine Squirrels, the shooting of Song Birds or robbing their nests is prohibited.
The seasons fixed by the State law for all other game apply to San Mateo County.

Violations of the game laws will be punished by fine or imprisonment. A reward of $25 will be paid for information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of offenders.

STATE GAME LAW.

The open season for shooting Valley or Mountain Quail, Partridge, Grouse, Sage Hen, or any kind of Wild Duck, or any Rail, Curlew, Ibis or Plover, or Deer, as fixed by the State law, is as follows:

Valley Quail, Partridge, Sage Hen, Wild Duck, Rail, Curlew, Ibis or Plover October 15 to February 15.
Mountain Quail and Grouse..Sept. 1 to Feb. 15
Doves.....July 1 to Feb. 15
Tree Squirrel.....Aug. 1 to Oct. 1
Male Deer.....July 15 to Nov. 1
Pheasant and Meadow Lark, killing prohibited
Trout.....April 1 to Nov. 1
Steelhead (in tidewater) closed February 1 to April 1 and September 10 to October 16
Striped Bass.....Three-pound
Black Bass.....July 1 to Jan. 1
Salmon.....Oct 16 to Sept. 10
Lobster or Crawfish.....Aug. 15 to April 1
Shrimp.....Sept. 1 to May 1
Crabs, 6 inches across back... Oct. 31 to Sept. 1
Sturgeon and Female Crab.....Prohibited
Abalone.....Less than 15 inches round

RULE FOR PAYMENT OF WATER RATES.

It Will Be Enforced.

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company has directed the local collector to give notice of and rigidly enforce its rules for the payment of the water rates in this town. The December water rate must be paid on or before the last day of December. If not paid the water will in every instance be shut off on the 1st day of January and it will cost one dollar extra in every instance to have the water again turned on. This rule will apply to every month in the year; that is to say, the water rate MUST be paid within or before the end of the current month. No exceptions will be made and this rule will be rigidly enforced. *

FOR SALE.

At a bargain, one inside building lot, 50x140 feet, on sewered street.

One business lot and building suitable for boarding-house and paying a good rental.

Also other good real estate investments. Inquire for particulars, price and terms of E. E. Cunningham at P. O. building.

REWARD!!!

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company offer a reward of $10 for information leading to arrest and conviction of person or persons maliciously damaging its property.

SEE SIGNS OF A PURITAN REIGN.

London Society Is Startled Because Wales Censors Guests on Moral Grounds.

London.—Court and society circles are startled by the fact that the Prince and Princess of Wales are assuming the position of moral censors in connection with the ice carnival shortly to be given for the benefit of the Union Jack Club. This is supposed to indicate that the reign of King Edward's immediate successor will be markedly puritanical.

Private soldiers and seamen exposed to the temptation of London will be furnished with comfortable quarters in the new club. The promoters have raised $150,000 and want $350,000 more. They are organizing an ice carnival, bazaar and banquet where the rich and brilliant can assemble, enjoy the festivities and spend money. When the Prince and Princess of Wales were invited they asked to be supplied with a list of the proposed guests, which they returned minus the names of many persons moving in the highest circles. Inquiry disclosed that the exclusions had been made on moral grounds. Royalty has often exercised a similar censorship in the past, but not invariably for the sake of giving a public function moral tone.

Fifteen Hurt in a Wreck.

Steubenville, O.—Fifteen persons were injured and Frank A. LaSalle of Indianapolis was killed when an eastbound Panhandle express train ran into a freight locomotive on an open switch at New Cumberland Junction. The injured will all recover.

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Tickle your best One by purchasing a bottle of PERFUME or buy your mother a bottle of
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MARKET REPORT.

CATTLE—Desirable steers not plentiful, selling at strong prices.

SHEEP—Are offered freely and being sold at steady prices.

HOGS—Hogs are in demand at the decline, with receipts increasing.

PROVISIONS—Provisions are in fair demand.

LIVESTOCK—The quoted prices are ₱ lb (less 50 per cent shrinkage on Cattle), delivered and weighed in San Francisco, stock to be fat and merchantable.

CATTLE—No.1 Fat Native Steers, 8¼@8½c; 2d quality, 8c; No. 1 Cows and Heifers, 6@6½c; No. 2 Cows and Heifers, 5½@6c; Thin Cows, 3@5c.

HOGS—Hard, grain fed, 130 to 250 lbs, 5@¼5c; over 250 to 300 lbs, 4¾@5c; rough heavy hogs, 4½; hogs weighing under 130 lbs, 4¾@5c.

SHEEP—Desirable Wethers, dressing 50 lbs. and under, 3½@4c; Ewes, 3@3¼c. Spring Lambs, 4¼@4¾c.

CALVES—Under 250 lbs, alive, gross weight, 5@5¼c; over 250 lbs, 4½@4¾c.

FRESH MEAT—Wholesale Butchers' prices for whole carcasses.

BEEF—First quality steers, 7¼@7½c; second quality, 6½@7c; thin steers, 5½@6c; first quality cows and heifers, 6@6½c; second quality, 5½c; third quality, 4@5c.

VEAL—Large, 7@7½c; medium, 7½@8c small, good, 8½@9c; common, 6c.

MUTTON—Wethers, heavy, 8c; light, 8½c; Heavy Ewes, 6½@7c; Light Ewes, 7½@8c; Lambs No. 1, Heavy, 8@8½c.; Light, 9½@10.

DRESSED HOGS—Hard, 8c.

PROVISIONS—Hams, 12½@14c; picnic hams, 9c; Boiled Hams, skin on, 20½c; skin off, 22c.

BACON—Ex. Lt. S. C. bacon, 19½c; light S. C. bacon, 18c; med. bacon, clear, 11½c; Lt. med. bacon, clear, 12@12½c; clear, light bacon, 14c; clear ex. light bacon, 14½c.

BEEF—Extra Family, bbl, $13.00; do, hf-bbl, $6.75; Family Beef, bbl, $12.50; hf-bbl, $6.50; Extra Mess, bbl, $12.00; do, hf-bbl, $6.25.

PORK—Dry Salted Clear Sides, heavy, 11¼c; do, light, 11¼c; do, Bellies, 11¾c; Clear, bbls., $22.50; hf-bbls., $11.50; Soused Pigs' Feet, hf-bbls. $5.25; 25-lb. kegs, $2.10; kits, $1.25.

LARD—Prices are ₱ lb:

	Tcs.	½-bbls.	50s.	20s.	10s.	5s.
Compound	7	7¼	7¼	7⅜	7¾	7⅞
Cal. pure	9	9¼	9¼	9⅜	9¾	9⅞

In 3-lb tins the price on each is ¼c higher than on 5-lb tins.

CANNED MEATS—Prices are per case of 1 dozen and 2 dozen tins: Corned Beef, 2s, $2.25; 1s $1.20; Roast Beef, 2s $2.25; 1s, $1.20.

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NO home periodical so interests and so helps every member of the family as does The Pacific Tree and Vine. It makes the routine of every-day work easier; it has besides a great deal of instructive and interesting reading to please the mind as well as to save the hand. The Pacific Tree and Vine is not only an agricultural, live stock and poultry journal, treating of conditions as they exist on this coast, but it is a household magazine, publishing a great deal of usefulness, and something of entertainment. A thirty-six page monthly journal, handsomely printed and well illustrated. Subscription price, Fifty Cents.
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A Genuine Wayside Inn.
Admirably situated in a beautiful grove on the old San Bruno Bay Road, the finest driveway out of San Francisco.
Where you will find the choicest refreshments, both solid and liquid, the San Francisco market affords.
Where comfort and good cheer are dispensed with a cordial hospitality.
Call, see it, and sample the good things, and you will come again.
W. R. MARKT. Proprietor.

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Building and Loan
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Assets, - - - $175,000.00.
Loans made on the Ordinary or Definite Contract plans, paying out in from five to twelve years as may be desired, with privilege of partial or total repayment before maturity.
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Table First Class.
Family Parties and Picnics a Specialty.
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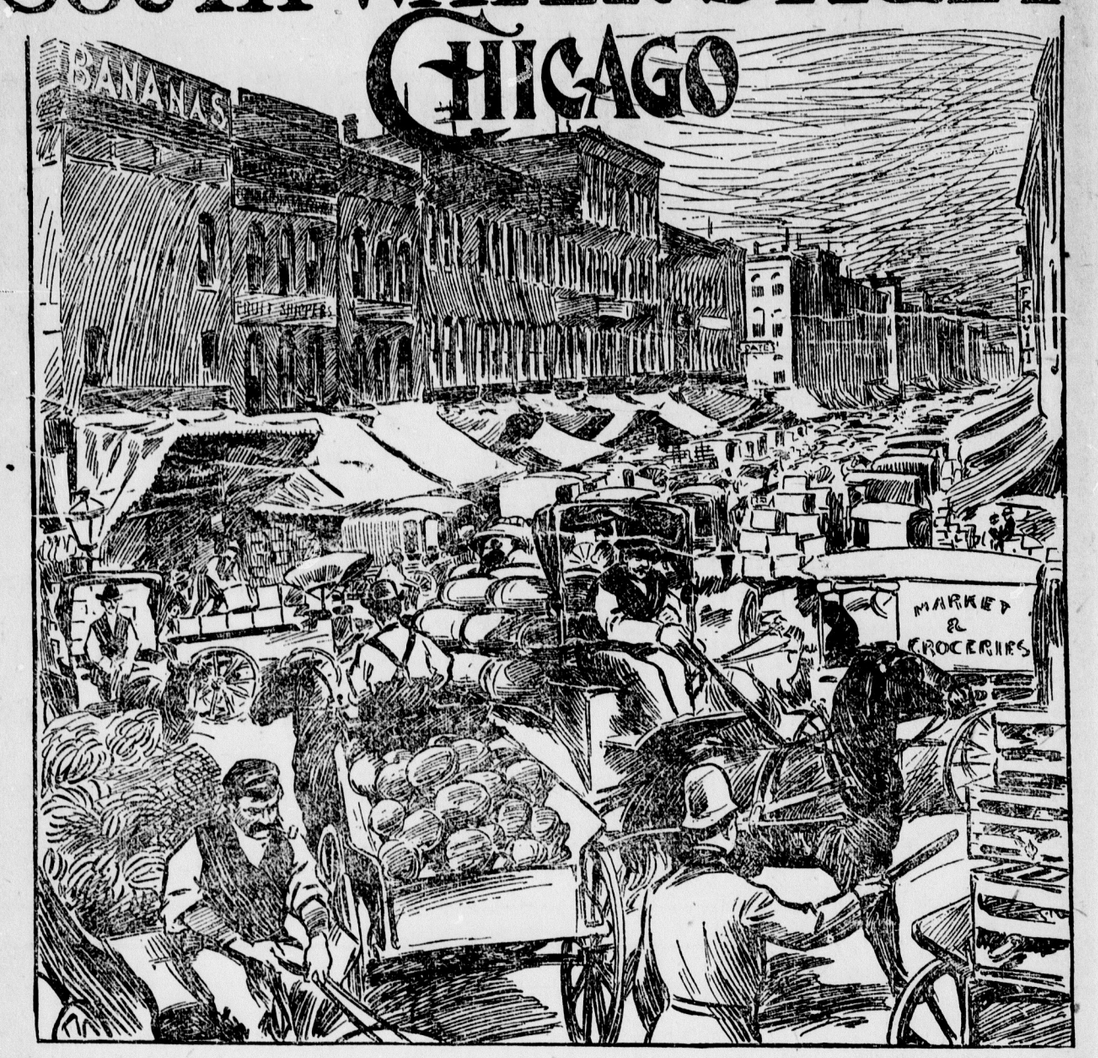
GOOD MEAT
Ask your butcher for meat from the great Abattoir at South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

SOUTH WATER STREET CHICAGO



Most of the streets of a great city, regardless of how widely diversified their interests may be, hold some few things in common. But South Water street, Chicago, is an exception. There is nothing else like it in any particular, certainly nothing in Chicago that can parallel its jolly, hearty cosmopolitan atmosphere, its ever-present good fellowship, its deafening battle and roar during the day and its unearthly stillness and unbroken solitude at night. Here are no undemocratic frills. Along the street many men of large wealth and some millionaires do business, but they are guarded by no private office railed off from the inquisitive eyes of the crowd, nor is there any ceremony to be observed if you want to approach them. These heads of South Water street stores are nearly all at work before 8 in the morning and it is very little short of 6 when they leave for home at the close of the day. During all of this time, with the exception of a scant hour for lunch, they are right down in the heart of the yelling, hustling crowd with their eyes on every detail and with more than a nodding acquaintance with every drayman and operator on the street.

South Water street is the one thoroughfare in Chicago in which no family lives over night. Every block of its length is crowded tight with two or three story brick buildings, but there is not an inch of these utilized for living rooms of any character. There is no space even for the cot of a night watchman, for here, though millions of dollars' worth of business is done in a week, there is very little if anything to attract thieves. It would certainly be a bold robber who would try to get away with potatoes or beets or cabbages enough to pay him for the risk.

The coming of daylight and the starting of business are simultaneous. Long before the sun straggles through the mist of the lake, steamer whistles that daily announce the arrival of hundreds of tons of fruit and produce begin to scream and soon freight trains are rolling in from California along the tracks bordering on the north side of the river, loaded down with grapes, melons and garden truck, and bound for the warehouses where a few hours later auction sales are held to dispose of them. There is no gradual growing of the bustle. It seems to spring into life within half an hour and the transformation is a wonderful one. By 6 o'clock the wagons are on the move and a few minutes later the din of clattering hoofs on the slippery cobblestones is deafening.

When 7 o'clock comes the wagons that have been pouring continuously into the narrow street for over an hour, till one wonders how any more can possibly squeeze in at all, begin to back up in front of the stores, either full of great heaps of produce from the trains or boats or waiting for their turn to be filled with goods destined for hotels, restaurants, department stores, groceries and fruit stands all over the city.

You would hardly expect to find very much of an artistic touch among such matter-of-fact surroundings, and yet there is no thoroughfare in the city that has such beautiful color contrasts as this. Almost from one end to the other the eye lights everywhere on great masses of color of every conceivable shade—the bright yellow of bananas, the fragrant green of great barrels of watercress bunching out between big lumps of ice, the variegated kale, golden pumpkins, the tens of thousands of baskets of grapes with the bloom of freshness still over them, the quinces and peaches and plums and pears, the varying shades of green represented in unripe tomatoes, heaps of cabbages and young onions, the barrels of glorious red and pink and yellow apples, boxes of carrots and parsnips and snow-white Chinese radishes, mountains of peaches in all their bewildering sun-kissed shades, bundles of fragrant horseradish done up so fearfully tight that you feel sure its circulation must be seriously interfered with; brown plantains, the glaring, glossy red of enormous peppers, thousands of crocks of golden butter, and cheese in its many delicate shades of yellow—all these things mingle in one long revel of color that makes a sight of this street a delight to one who sees its beauty and mingles with its bustle for the first time.

Here and there the sidewalks, instead of being burdened with heaps of grape baskets or orange boxes, are filled with crates of cluttering chickens or stately geese that stick their heads through the slats of their cages and survey the scene with a solemnity that makes us believe they know what is in store for them. The meat men crowd out everything else in the block between 5th avenue and Franklin street, and you can see nothing but a wilderness of carcasses, butchers, drivers in white and blue jumpers, and hundreds of the well-known stock yards wagons, with their magnificent teams of gray and their clanking trappings.

Up and down the narrow alleys, between the piles of goods, men with loaded trucks race along, passing one another, in some miraculous way, without upsetting anything or running over anybody. Though the wagons are continually moving off from the front of the stores and going out of the street loaded with merchandise, half a dozen seem to be coming in for every one that leaves, and there is no abatement in the rush and stir. In this indescribable confusion, with the thoroughfare choked and with wagon wheels interlocking each other everywhere, there are fewer accidents and altercations between drivers than on any other street in the city. The reason for this is simple enough. Every driver who ventures into South Water street knows the unwritten rules for the guidance of himself and his team by heart, and, being fully aware of the disastrous consequences if he transgresses any of them, he is extraordinarily careful.—Chicago Record-Herald.

SHARK MADE A QUICK TRIP.

Traveled from the African to the Florida Coast in Two Days.

A prominent government official, who has returned from a visit to Palm Beach, Fla., tells about seeing a huge man-eating shark that was captured at that place, says the New York Tribune. It was one of the biggest sharks ever caught in Florida waters and was evidently a sailor of many years. The animal measured over 18 feet in length, had a sword attachment that was as long as an arm and was of the leopard variety, stamping it as one of the man-eating variety—a dangerous beast.

The shark was caught by a shark fisherman. He used a large rope for a line and had a windlass as a reel. At the end of the line was a huge steel hook and this was baited with a large bright tin can. The shark bit at the bait and was entrapped. He was landed after the roughest time the fisherman ever experienced. It was the interior of the fish, however, that excited the greatest interest. When he was cut open a whole porpoise was found in the stomach. There was also a large piece of partly digested shark and the head of an ostrich. The piece of shark inside the monster was out of the back and contained the backbone of the dead animal.

A careful examination showed that the backbones were larger than the backbones of the captured shark. A number of scars on his body showed that he had been in conflict with another shark and the finding of a piece of the adversary showed that the conflict had ended in the death of the opponent—that the victor had then swallowed a juicy portion of his adversary. The presence of the ostrich head in the stomach of the man-eater was regarded as undoubted proof that the shark had probably just arrived in Florida waters from Africa and that he had made the trip in two or three days. The head was not digested and the process of digestion had only just begun. There is only one ostrich farm in Florida and when that institution was communicated with the owners said they had not lost an ostrich in a year. The ability of a shark to pass a fast steamer in one minute's time is well known to travelers and there is no doubt that the shark had been in African waters and had captured a stray ostrich or the head of one that had been killed and then started across the Atlantic, reaching the Florida waters before the ostrich head had begun to digest.

AN UNFAMILIAR DIALECT.

An American woman who was lately in London for the first time is convinced that whatever the language may be which th cockneys speak, it is not English. One of her experiences is related by the Washington Post.

The woman who wished to see the city all by herself. Somebody told her that if she went to the terminus of some bus lines—it did not matter which—and waited a little, she would hear the conductor call out the places on the route, and then could choose that which she wished to visit.

She found a place where buses were arriving and departing, and waited. She heard many curious names, but failed to understand much that the bus men said. Every now and then the man on the step of a bus would call out, "Moblotch! Moblotch!" and she wondered what part of London "Moblotch" might be. She had never heard of it before, and she had been studying London for six months. At last she ventured to address a conductor who looked approachable.

"Will you kindly tell me," she said, "where one takes the bus for Marble Arch?"

The man looked at her pityingly. Her American accent was thick upon her, and he perceived also that she must be deaf. He leaned toward her and drew a long breath. Then he bellowed:

"This is your bus, ma'am!" and began to shout, "Moblotch! Moblotch!"

The visitor had let seven "Moblotch" buses go because she never once guessed that that is the way Marble Arch is pronounced in London.

Too Rich to Be Cross-Eyed.

Tate—Oh, no, Miss Mintner is not cross-eyed, but she is only affected by strabismus.

Brady—Well, what's the difference, pray?

Tate—Man alive! Aren't you aware that Miss Mintner's father is a rich man.—Boston Transcript.

Tolerates Nothing Home Made.

Mrs. Gaddie—I see you're going in for society. Has your daughter made her debut yet?

Mrs. Nurich—Well, I should say not. She got all them things made to order in Paris.—Philadelphia Press.

Rivalry Has Ceased.

Liverpool and Manchester, hitherto deadly rivals in trade, have entered into a partnership in order to bring about cotton growing within the British empire.

Don't believe all you hear; but be sure to believe all you say.

IS SHARPLY CRITICISED.

Predicted That the Country Was Hastening to Its Downfall.

John H. Reagan, the last of the Old Guard of the Confederacy, has come in for some sharp criticism for his recent prediction that the American republic was hastening to its downfall. Recently the question of dividing Texas came up for discussion, and this led Reagan to express himself in opposition.

J. H. REAGAN.

I do not base my opposition, he said, upon the pride that all Texans have in their great State. That is one thing that makes a sentiment against division of the State, but the real reason—the one that outweighs all the potent arguments for dividing the State in order to increase the influence of the west in the United States Senate—is found in a more grave condition.

The reason Texas must never be divided it this: There can be but two kinds of republics—the confederations of States and the centralized government, which becomes in the end nothing but monarchy. The United States is drifting too rapidly into a monarchical form of government.

It is not even now governed by men It is controlled by money. The power of the financial interests is paramount to the power of the people. The result will be a dissolution of the confederacy of States or a monarchical form of government. I want Texas to be big enough to stand alone when the dissolution of the Union shall come This is reason enough for never dividing this State.

Mr. Reagan is an octogenarian and is the champion long-distance office holder in the world. He was a legislator of the republic of Texas, representative from Texas to the United States Congress long before the civil war, postmaster general of the Confederacy, representative in Congress and United States senator from Texas after the war, and upon retiring from the Senate became railroad commissioner of Texas. He gave up his office a few years ago to write his memoirs. He is still a strong power in the politics of Texas.

A Delighted Darky.

An old woolly headed darky appeared at the dispensary of one of the hospitals the other morning.

"Well, uncle, what is it?" inquired the young medico in charge.

"Ah've got de mishuy pow'ful bad, boss," said the aged darky.

"Where have you got the misery?"

"Ah dun got it evuhwheah."

"Well," inquired the doctor, "what do you think ails you?"

"Ah think," solemnly answered the old black, "dat Oh've dun got somethin' de mattuh wif mah vermifuge dependix."

"What makes you think that's your trouble?" inquired the doctor, smothering the chuckle that rose in his throat.

"Well, suh, Ah had de nose bleed pow'full bad las' night an' Ah hain't no ap'tite 'tall fo' watuhmillyons dis yeah."

"Well, it's your vermifuge dependix that's bothering you all right, uncle," said the young doctor, "but I'll fix you out quick enough. Take one of these before each meal."

He handed the old darky a little box of bread pills, and the old wollyhead departed with a broad grin of happiness, no less because he had got free medicine than because his own diagnosis of his case had been so promptly accepted.—Washington Post.

Had an Assistant.

A naval officer tells in the New York Times of a conversation he once overheard between two marines who were arguing as to who had the least work to do on board a man-of-war.

"It's the chaplain," said one.

"How do you make that out?" asked the second.

"Because he ain't got any work to do and all day to do it in."

The second marine snorted his disgust.

"You're wrong, Jack," said he. "It's the cap'n of marines."

"How's that?"

"Well, me boy, as you say, the chaplain's nothing to do and all day to do it in; but the cap'n of marines has nothing to do and all day to do it, and a lieutenant of marines to help him do it."

"Bill" Devery's Sporting Reply.

A man from Philadelphia who visited New York not long ago was presented to "Big Bill" Devery by a mutual friend. It happened that in the course of a varied conversation that the Philadelphian quoted the old saying, "Truth crushed to earth will rise again." The ex-chief smiled in a superior way. 'I s'pose that's right, my friend," he said, "but sometimes not before the referee has counted ten!"

Demosthenes Was Tongue-Tied.

Demosthenes was rehearsing at his home one of his most brilliant orations.

"Yes," said his wife; "that's very fine. Now, won't you just step out and discharge the cook?"

Suddenly remembering an engagement downtown, he fled from the house with fear upon his face.—Judge

His New House.

Before Secretary of War Root sailed for Europe he approved plans for his New York house. It is to cost something less that $50,000 and will be located opposite the Presbyterian church in 71st street.

A New Poison Bottle.—A simple device for the prevention of accidental poisoning is to have all poisonous drugs put up in bottles having the word poison blown with sharp spines on the surface. The touch of such receptacle would at once admonish the person taking it that it is poison.

Liniment.—A compound liniment recommended for rheumatism and numbness is made of two and a half ounces of gum camphor, one dram of oil of lavender dissolved in seventeen fluid ounces of alcohol. After this add three fluid ounces of a strong solution of ammonia and shake the ingredients thoroughly together in a bottle. Keep it closely corked when not in use.

Disease in School Children.—According to examining physicians 33 per cent of the school children in this country are suffering from curvature of the spine, 50 per cent from defective eyesight and from 15 to 30 per cent with defective hearing. There is also much danger from contagious diseases in schools. Many times these diseases are spread by pupils exchanging pencils, partially eaten apples, etc.

Swelling or Elongation of the Palate.—This is an affection which is generally caused by a slight cold or an attack of indigestion. It consists in a slight inflammation of the palate which causes elongation, producing a sensation as if it had fallen. An effective remedy consists of a strong decoction of white oak bark in which has been dissolved a little alum used as a gargle. Pepper, salt or mustard will sometimes relieve.

Disturbance of Nervous System.—Jumping off and on cars is believed by some scientists to be responsible for many of the most serious nervous derangements of the day. The jolt causes spinal disorders, which upset the entire nervous system. Mere slips of the vertebrae from their true position, one upon the other and the strain brought to bear in consequence upon the ligaments and muscles binding them together, occur first from these innumerable poundings of hard heels against adamant pavements and often lead to far-reaching consequences.

Pneumonia.—This is the most deadly of all diseases. It has been supposed that consumption claimed more victims than any other disease, but it is being controlled somewhat while pneumonia has been rather on the increase, owing to the larger number of people crowded in city offices where vitality is impaired by breathing impure air and lack of exercise, causing them to become victims of this dreaded disease. Germs of pneumonia continually surround all of us. They are in the air we breathe and particles are in the dust that blows into our mouths and nostrils from the street.

Periods of Infection.—Scarlet fever, six weeks from the commencement of the fever. If the squamosa or skin-peeling condition continues there is still danger. Chicken-pox, three weeks from the beginning of the disease. Diphtheria, six weeks from commencement, if the sore throat has entirely disappeared—the danger of infection remains during the continuance of throat trouble. Small-pox generally about six weeks. Measles three weeks if cough and rash have disappeared. Mumps three weeks or less if there is no swelling. Typhus, four weeks after beginning, at which time the fever will have ceased or death have supervened in most cases. Typhoid, six weeks. The cessation of fever and return toward strength in both typhus and typhoid diseases mark the close of the contagious epoch. Whooping cough, when the cough has disappeared, commonly six weeks in patients otherwise in good health.

GRIEF IS WIDESPREAD.

Death of Mrs Booth-Tucker Casts a Pall Over Salvation Army Circles.

Mrs. Emma Booth-Tucker, wife of Commander Booth-Tucker, of the Salvation Army in the United States, who was killed in a railroad wreck near

MRS. BOOTH TUCKER. COM. F. B. TUCKER.

Dean Lake, Mo., 85 miles from Kansas City, was the daughter of Gen. William Booth, the English commander-in-chief of the great organization which he founded. She was born in 1860 and was a woman of remarkable activity. Her career as a Christian worker started in her childhood. At the age of 11 she determined to devote her life to the uplifting of mankind, and when 16 was teaching the poor girls of London missions how to read and write. A few years later she was given charge of the training of women cadets in the army home in London, and she continued the task until her marriage in 1888.

Mrs. Booth-Tucker and her husband came to New York in 1896, when Ballington Booth was recalled to London. She entered actively into her work and soon gained the love of her followers and the respect of the whole American people. The great mass of executive work of the army in this country fell upon her shoulders. She was a master of detail and was ever in close touch with all the great movements of the army. In addition she was constantly on the platform preaching, praying and singing. She was a natural leader and through her influence many wealthy men have been interested in the work of the Salvation Army.

Mrs. Booth is survived by six children, between the ages of five months and thirteen years. The motherless little ones are being cared for by friends at their home in Mount Vernon, N. Y.

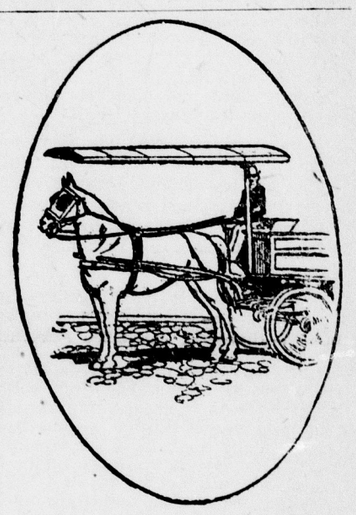
At the time of the accident she was returning to Chicago after a visit to the Salvation Army colony at Fort Amity, Col. At the same time her husband was speeding from New York to Chicago to meet her. He did not learn of her death till he reached Chicago and was prostrated at the news, which has caused deep grief in Salvation Army circles and in religious circles generally throughout the English-speaking world.

In the same wreck in which Mrs. Booth-Tucker lost her life Col. Thomas C. Holland, governor of the Fort Amity colony, was fatally wounded and 20 other persons were injured.

SUNSHADE FOR HORSES.

There is an old adage which says that "A merciful man is merciful to his beast" that certainly shall be applicable to those who adopt a recently patented device which has for its object the comfort and welfare of the modern draught animal.

This affair, of which the accompanying illustration gives a good idea, is nothing more or less than an umbrella which extends from the front of the wagon, or carriage over the attached horse, or horses, and protects them from the burning rays of the sun or the downpour of rain or falling snow.


SUNSHADE FOR DRAUGHT ANIMALS.

The arrangement of the affair is such that the umbrella follows the movements of the animal, turning to right or left as he turns, so that it always maintains a position directly above. By a simple contrivance the shelter can be tilted to one side or the other, so that under any circumstances the animal is afforded the best possible protection.

Relapse of a Redwoman.

Major Pratt, of the United States army, who is in charge of the Carlisle Indian School, admits that many of his graduates who return to tribal life fall into Indian ways again. Therefore he is doing all he can to prevent the educated Indians from going back to the reservation.

He tells of an incident he saw at a Western Indian agency. A squaw entered a trader's store, wrapped in a blanket, pointed at a straw hat and asked, "How muchee?"

"Fifty cents," said the marchant.

"How muchee?" she asked again, pointing at another article.

The price was quoted and was followed by another pointing and query of "How muchee?"

Then she suddenly gazed blandly at the merchant and asked, mildly, "Do you not regard such prices as extortionate for articles of palpably inferior quality? Do you not really believe that a reduction in your charges would materially enhance your profits? I beg you to consider my suggestion."

She was a graduate of the Carlisle Indian School.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Quite a Figure.

Mr. Bragg—My father was professor of mathematics in—

Mr. Lyre—That's strange! My grandfather was a great mathematician, too.

Mr. Bragg—Indeed?

Mr. Lyre—Yes; he was the author of the multiplication table, I believe.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Fowl Play.

The Hen—Now you'll have to get out and scratch for yourself.

The Chick—Not much, I won't! Don't you suppose I know about the child labor law?—New York Times.

It is said the population of London is so dense it is unable to see the point of an American joke.

Scrofula

Makes its presence known by many signs,—glandular tumors, bunches in the neck, cutaneous eruptions, inflamed eyelids, sore ears, catarrh and wasting diseases.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Effects permanent cures.

TO CURE A COUGH IN ONE DAY
Use Adams' Irish Moss Cough Balsam
Prescribed by the best physicians for Coughs Colds, Hoarseness, Bronchitis and all throat and lung troubles. 25c, 50c. At all druggists.

Did your ever work like sixty to lift some man into a position only to find that he looked down upon you with disdain.

FITS permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE $2.00 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Electric cars have reached a speed of 130 miles an hour.

"C. C. C." on Every Tablet.
Every tablet of Cascarets Candy Cathartic bears the famous "C. C. C." Look for it and accept no other! Beware of fraud. All druggists, 10c, 25c, 50c.

Never be guilty of clearing your throat to taunt an adversary.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Friendship like molasses must be used in sensible quantities.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.
WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Some people value friendship only for what it is worth.

Piso's Cure is the best medicine we ever used for all affections of the throat and lungs.—WM. O. ENDSLEY, Vanburen, Ind., Feb. 10, 1900.

It is so sad to see ignorance priding itself upon its wisdom.

Mem. for Good Health.
To-day drink some "Castlewood" Bourbon, or Rye Whiskey. Highest grade Kentucky goods. Cartan, McCarthy & Co., sole distributors, San Francisco.

Embassador Choate advocates the erection of a statue of George Washington in London.

"I've been everywhere, I've seen everything worth seeing. I've tasted everything worth tasting, and 'Old Gilt Edge' is the best whisky." That man started off like an egotist, but he finished like a good judge of whisky.

The lad who nurses stone bruises and stubbed toes generally shelters his feet in silken garters when he is old.

Remember when you buy Miller's Milwaukee Beer you get the best. Spruance, Stanley & Co., San Francisco, agents.

Suppose there was nothing in this world to conquer, what kind of a dull place it would be.

Don't mistake the name Old Kirk Whisky put up by A. P. Hotaling & Co., 429 Jackson St., San Francisco, Cal.

When times are good arrange matters so hard times will not trouble you. Prosperity and adversity come by turns.

PIANOS IN GERMANY.

Enormous Product of Fine Instruments at Half the American Price.

E. L. Harris, United States commercial agent at Eibenstock, Germany, has lately transmitted to the State Department in Washington, some interesting information on the subject of the piano industry in Germany. Among other things he says:

"The manufacture of pianos in Germany has reached a state of perfection attained by no other nation. Admitting that in other countries particular firms produce instruments which in every respect are equal to the best German make, it is claimed that as an industry, considering the number of factories and the high exports to nearly every country in the world, the manufacturers of this empire are a long distance in advance of all their rivals. In spite of the enormous sale of pianos every year within the limits of the empire, the manufacturers are dependent upon the markets of foreign countries for the sale of fully one-half of the number produced. The success of the German piano is due to the fact that they are cheap, comparatively speaking. Two hundred and fifty dollars will buy a very fine piano in this country. The construction is always apace with the latest art designs, special attention being paid to the woodwork; they not only present an elegant appearance, but are solid and durable."

With this introduction Mr. Harris goes on to state that there are 435 piano factories in Germany, which manufacture 80,000 instruments annually. Of this number 140 are located in Berlin, 27 in Stuttgart, 21 in Dresden, 16 in Leipzig, 15 in Hamburg, 10 in Leignitz, 9 in Zeitz, and the remaining 197 in Munich, Halle, and Brunswick. In the past 20 years the export of pianos from Germany has increased from $1,900,000 to $6,110,000 annually. Great Britain is at present Germany's best customer, buying 40 per cent of the total exports, although prior to 1890 the Argentine Republic, which now ranks second, was the best market for German pianos. Belgium ranks next after Great Britain and Argentine, and then comes Australia, which takes $1,000,000 worth of German pianos annually. Russia $1,000,000 worth and Holland $1,000,000; Brazil, Norway, Sweden, South Africa and Chile coming next in order. Mr. Harris also tells us that Germany is a large manufacturer of stringed instruments, the chief factories being located in the towns of Markneukirchen, Klingenthal, Mittenwald, and Johanngeorgenstadt. The first named town sold $684,000 worth of violins, mandolins, etc., to the United States last year.

"The manufacturer of the different parts of stringed instruments," he states, "is carried on chiefly in the worker's own home."

Pretty Girls.

Are not always the most favored by the men.

Turn their attention more readily to men than they do to women.

Suffer frequently because they are so much a source of gossip.

Can afford to appear in an attire which is out of the conventional.

Often are apt to show a superior opinion of their own appearance.

Call men to their sides and send them away as though it were a right.

Resent forcibly being suspected of possessing a high grade of vanity.

Occasionally dream of an exalted position they are destined to fill.

Candor.

The candid woman
Never shrinks
From saying what
She thinks she thinks.

LOVE VERSUS GREED.

A Pathetic Incident Which Happened Recently in Philadelphia.

He was only a common little mongrel cur of no particular breed, but he was evidently dear to the heart of the colored boy who held him by the piece of rope on Tenth street, below Chestnut, says a Philadelphia paper. They were curled up together on a cellar door, where they could sniff the odors from the subterranean kitchen of a restaurant, when an inebriated individual came along, stopped and began to pat the dog. "What a fine mouse hound," remarked the inebriate. "Is he for sale?" "No, sah," replied the boy, hugging the dog closely to his breast. "I'll give you a quarter for him." "No, sah," very resolutely. "Fifty cents." "No, sah." The man went down into his pocket, and pulled out a dollar bill, which he flashed before the boy's eyes. "I'll give you that for him," he said. The boy's eyes bulged out of his head. A dollar to him was the acme of wealth. He had probably never had a whole dallar in his life. A greedy lust shone in his eyes. Mechanically he took the money and handed over the dog. The man staggered down the street, pulling the unwilling cur behind him. The boy stood on the cellar door, looking from the bill in his hand to the retreating figure of the man who had purchased his pet. The light had died out of his eyes. The dog refused to go any further and the man kicked him. That settled it. The boy soon overtook them. "Say, mister," he said. "I guess dat dog ain't foh sale. Here's yoh dollar." He picked up the dog, gave back the money and ran back to the cellar door with his pet in his arms.

Wealth in youth often leads to the county hospital in age.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

Brent Good

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

FOR HEADACHE.
FOR DIZZINESS.
FOR BILIOUSNESS.
FOR TORPID LIVER.
FOR CONSTIPATION.
FOR SALLOW SKIN.
FOR THE COMPLEXION

GENUINE MUST HAVE SIGNATURE
Price 25 Cents | Purely Vegetable. Brent Good

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

FOES TO CONTAGION.

Onions and Lemons Prevent Many Disagreeable Maladies.

When a mere lad I had often heard it said that the eating of onions and lemons was a protection against contagious disease, and when about 18 years of age I had an opportunity to test them for myself, says a medical writer. I had spent the winter in the city of New Orleans, where, in the spring, yellow fever of a virulent type made its appearance, causing an urgent demand for nurses, and having faith in what I had heard of the protective power of onions and lemons I concluded to take what my friends called a ghastly risk and made application at the "Common Street Hospital" for a position as nurse, was accepted and entered at once upon a line of duty, in commencing which I began the use of raw onions and lemons, alternating weekly with lemons—always taking them just before going to bed.

I took no other remedy, although medicine was provided every morning for all attaches. At the expiration of the tenth week I was no longer needed and left in as vigorous health as when I entered the hospital.

On taking my departure I was reminded by the head physician that his medicine had probably preserved my health. Nevertheless a number of nurses and attaches had died of the fever, despite his vaunted medical ability. Before leaving the institution I acquainted the doctor with the fact I had not used his medicine, but had relied solely upon my onion-lemon treatment, when he said it was a wonder that it had not killed me, and if it had that I had deserved it.

During our civil war I had a similar experience with small-pox cases in Washington, D. C., finding the onion and lemon a perfect protection to myself and many of my associates.

Longevity of European Couples.

Of European nations the Norwegian and Swedish are the longest lived, the Spaniards the shortest. According to a foreign statistical return recently issued the average duration of life is as follows: Sweden and Norway, 50 years; Britain, 45 years and 3 months; Belgian, 44 years and 11 months; Switzerland, 44 years and 4 months; France, 43 years and 6 months; Austria, 39 years and 8 months; Prussia and Italy, 39 years; Bavaria, 36 years, and Spain, 32 years and 4 months.

ADMIRAL SCHLEY ENDORSES PE-RU-NA

Pe-ru-na Drug Co., Columbus, Ohio:
Gentlemen: "I can cheerfully say that Mrs. Schley has taken Pe-ru-na and I believe with good effect." W. S. SCHLEY.—Washington, D. C.

ADMIRAL SCHLEY, one of the foremost notable heroes of the Nineteenth Century. A name that starts terror in the heart of every Spaniard. A man of steady nerve, clear head, undaunted courage and prompt decision.

Approached by a friend recently, his opinion was asked as to the efficacy of Peruna, the national catarrh remedy. Without the slightest hesitation he gave this remedy his endorsement. It appeared on later conversation that Peruna has been used in his family, where it is a favorite remedy.

Such endorsements serve to indicate the wonderful hold that Peruna has upon the minds of the American people. It is out of the question that so great and famous a man as Admiral Schley could have any other reason for giving his endorsement to Peruna than his positive conviction that the remedy is all that he says it is.

The fact is that Peruna has overcome all opposition and has won its way to the hearts of the people. The natural timidity which so many people have felt about giving endorsements to any remedy is giving way. Gratitude and a desire to help others has inspired thousands of people to give public testimonials for Peruna who heretofore would not have consented to such publicity.

Never before in the annals of medicine has it happened that so many men of national and international reputation have been willing to give unqualified and public endorsements to a proprietary remedy. No amount of advertising could have accomplished such a result. Peruna has won on its own merits. Peruna cures catarrh of whatever phase or location in the human body. That is why it receives so many notable and unique endorsements.

Address The Peruna Drug M'f'g Co., Columbus, Ohio, for free literature on catarrh.

Ask Your Druggist for Free Pe-ru-na Almanac for 1904.

EXPORTS OF ALL LANDS.

The leading product of Nicaragua is hides.

Bulgaria exports wheat and the attar of roses.

The chief export of Annam is cinnamon bark.

Egypt yields cotton, cottonseed, sugar, beans and wheat.

Martinique gives the world manioc, bananas and sugar.

German East Africa exports gum arabic and sesame seed.

The chief products of Porto Rico are coffee, sugar and tobacco.

The principal crop in Sweden is oats; a leading export is lumber.

The leading products of Japan are rice, wheat, sugar, tea and silk.

France exports wines, silks, chestnuts, walnuts, olives, plums and fashions.

Basuto Land, in South Africa, produces and exports wool, wheat and hides.

Bechuana Land, in South Africa, exports Indian corn, hides, cattle and wool.

Spain exports wine, raisins, onions, oranges, nuts, olives, iron, quicksilver, lead and copper.

South Australia makes every year half a million gallons of wine, and exports copper and silver.

The Falkland Islands export every year $250,000 worth of wool and $100,000 worth of frozen mutton.

India has 27,000,000 acres in rice, 18,000,000 in wheat, 75,000,000 in other food grains, 1,300,000 in sugar cane, 251,000 in tea, 10,000,000 in cotton, 1,000,000 in indigo, 300,000 in tobacco.

A conceited woman is seldom jealous.

BAD BREATH

"I have been using CASCARETS and as a mild and effective laxative they are simply wonderful. My daughter and I were bothered with sick stomach and our breath was very bad. After taking a few doses of Cascarets we have improved wonderfully. They are a great help in the family."
WILHELMINA NAGEL.
1137 Rittenhouse St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

CANDY CATHARTIC
Cascarets
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
REGULATE THE LIVER

Pleasant. Palatable. Potent. Taste Good. Do Good. Never Sicken. Weaken. or Gripe. 10c. 25c. 50c.
... CURE CONSTIPATION. ...
Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York. 315

NO-TO-BAC Sold and guaranteed by all druggists to CURE Tobacco Habit.

Kidnaping and Infanticide.

Kidnaping in China, although prohibited by Chinese law and visited with heavy penalty, is still carried on to a great extent in certain of the provinces. Likewise the custom of female infanticide still exists, in spite of foreign influence that seek to stop it.

Long Hair

"About a year ago my hair was coming out very fast, so I bought a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor. It stopped the falling and made my hair grow very rapidly, until now it is 45 inches in length."—Mrs. A. Boydston, Atchison, Kans.

There's another hunger than that of the stomach. Hair hunger, for instance. Hungry hair needs food, needs hair vigor—*Ayer's.* This is why we say that Ayer's Hair Vigor always restores color, and makes the hair grow long and heavy. $1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send us one dollar and we will express you a bottle. Be sure and give the name of your nearest express office. Address, J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

LONELINESS WHICH KILLS.

People Who Come Here to Slave and Suffer, Sicken, Die and Rot.

It is beyond the power of onlookers to estimate the tragedy hourly going on in our imported population, says an observer writing from California. Out of the droves of ignorantly hopeful people who come herding over to us, their souls glowing not only with impossible fancies of wealth and power to come, but with equally preposterous expectation of present welcome, only a rare few gain independence, while the rest slave and suffer, sicken, die and rot to form an awful human fertilizer for the land they came to share. The animal hunger and desperation shining in their eyes appeal to us merely as an unpleasant, but inalienable, attribute of the "lower classes," not at all as the signs of the death struggle of a lonely brother man. The loneliness of Italians in California is pitiful; they come with notions of placer mining in their back yards and cultivating grapes in their front yards, with the Presidency always hopefully within reach. In San Francisco the situation is worse on account of the climate. Few people understand how emphatically San Francisco is not California. The confirmed San Franciscoan knows less about the Golden State than any Pueblo Indian baby. San Francisco, within an hour's journey of torrid heatcmfwy cm..... journey of a torrid belt, is never hot; San Francisco, within sight of snow-clad peaks, is seldom frigid; San Francisco is cool, breezy, and foggy. To an Eskimo it is hades; to an Italian it is perpetual winter.

HOME-MADE PHILOSOPHY.

Man's struggles for fame and glory remind one of the ocean's efforts to wash away its rocky shores.

Don't attempt to sing before the public, unless you are certain the public wants to hear you sing.

When a man is too old to be affected by the loveliness of women, he is too old to make laws for vigorous men.

Virtue alone, without woolen underclothes, is not enough to keep one warm in the world's winter of immoralities.

Don't seek public office if you can get an honest situation somewhere else; for public office so often leads to public plunder.

The boy who stands with mouth open will make a man who can eat just a little bit more than his hands are able to produce.

More inspiration has grown out of a man's hungering for woman's love than all the sighs humanity ever sighed for immortality.

Men drift into the channels that lead down through life, just the same as the water from melting snow follows little washed-out trails to the river.

A woman who probably knows says it is far more satisfactory to wait for a husband before marriage than it is afterward.

STOPS THE COUGH
Adams' Irish Moss Cough Balsam
Cures in a day. Prescribed by all doctors and sold by all druggists. Guaranteed 25c, 50c.

SPROAT'S MARKET

We retail Groceries at wholesale prices. If you are tired of paying two prices for your supplies send us a list of your needs and let us submit you prices. We are leaders in all good things to eat and drink.

1049 Market St., San Francisco, California

Good Pills

Ayer's Pills are good liver pills. You know that. The best family laxative you can buy. They keep the bowels regular, cure constipation. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

Want your moustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Use
BUCKINGHAM'S DYE
FIFTY CTS. OF DRUGGISTS OR R. P. HALL & CO., NASHUA, N. H.

FERRY'S Seeds

cost more—yield more—save all experimenting—save disappointments. 48 years the Standard Seeds. Sold by all dealers. 1904 Seed Annual postpaid free, to all applicants.
D. M. FERRY & CO., Detroit, Mich.

WET WEATHER COMFORT

There is no satisfaction keener than being dry and comfortable when out in the hardest storm.
YOU ARE SURE OF THIS IF YOU WEAR

WATERPROOF OILED CLOTHING
MADE IN BLACK OR YELLOW
AND BACKED BY OUR GUARANTEE.
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It is natural to rub the spot that hurts, and when rheumatic pains are shooting through the joints and muscles and they are inflamed and sore, the sufferer is apt to turn to liniments and plasters for relief; and while such treatment may quiet the pain temporarily, no amount of rubbing or blistering can cure Rheumatism, because it is not a skin disease, but is in the blood and all through the system, and every time you are exposed to the same conditions that caused the first attack, you are going to have another, and Rheumatism will last just as long as the poison is in the blood, no matter what you apply externally. Too much acid in the blood is one cause of Rheumatism; stomach troubles, bad digestion, weak kidneys and torpid liver are other causes which bring on this painful disease, because the blood becomes tainted with the poisonous matter which these organs fail to carry out of the system. Certain secret diseases will produce Rheumatism, and of all forms this is the most stubborn and severe, for it seems to affect every bone and muscle in the body. The blood is the medium by which the poisons and acids are carried through the system, and it doesn't matter what kind of Rheumatism you have, it must be treated through the blood, or you can never get permanently rid of it. As a cure for rheumatic troubles S. S. S. has never been equalled. It doesn't inflame the stomach and ruin the digestion like Potash, Alkalies and other strong drugs, but tones up the general health, gently stimulates the sluggish organs, and at the same time antidotes and filters out of the blood all poisonous acids and effete matter of every kind; and when S. S. S. has restored the blood to its natural condition, the painful, feverish joints and the sore and tender muscles are immediately relieved.

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Sidney, Ohio, August 26, 1903.
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R. F. D. No. 1. S. S. BOUGHTON.

SSS

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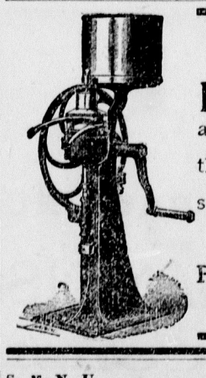

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